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"THE FACTION FIGHTS OF IRELAND."

From Mr. and Mrs. Hall's Ireland,

WITH THE ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

It seems not unnatural that some account of the ancient distinguishing characteristic of Ireland—"The Faction Fights"—should follow our notice of the Constabulary force; for we are mainly indebted to that body for their extinction as a national reproach. Their history belongs to OLD IRELAND; for, of late years, their occurrence has been very rare; and since the establishment of Temperance they have been made to appear in the eyes of the peasantry as revolting as they were formerly exciting. Previously to the prevalence of sobriety, however, they had 'gone out of fashion;' murder having for some time ceased to be a necessary epilogue to a fair. A primary instruction to the Constabulary—keeping carefully in view the principle of 'taking off the match before the shell explodes'—thus refers to the subject:—

'The law defines that three persons in a state of quarrel constitute a 'riot,' and they or any of them, may be indicted according, upon the evidence of one or more credible witnesses or witnesses, although the rioters themselves may not lodge informations against or prosecute each other; and therefore it becomes a paramount duty of the force not only to suppress all riots, but also to identify and lodge informations against rioters, in order to vindicate the law, and to neutralise any arrangement or compromise which might be entered into by such rioters.

'Officers in charge of districts are to keep exact memoranda of the dates of all fairs, markets, races, and other periodical meetings, in their several districts, and are to be at end at such meetings with a sufficient force for the preservation of the peace; and in the event of any breach of it occurring, it will depend upon the officer's discretion and firmness, the strength of his party, and the several circumstances of the case, whether the rioters are to be arrested, or merely identified so that they may be afterwards brought to justice.'

It was the clause we have remarked in italics that settled the matter; for although in the heat of a fight, the Factions would have despised the Police, and both, probably, (as they often did,)

have postponed their own affair to beat the common enemy, this 'identifying' for after punishment was a plan they could not contrive to overreach. The Constabulary were everywhere; it was almost impossible for a contest to take place without their knowledge; and they were invariably upon the spot—to 'identify.' The natural consequence was that the system gradually vanished; and Temperance effectually—and for ever—destroyed it.

It is unquestionable that it originated in a want of popular confidence in the administration of the law; and it is equally certain that the endeavors of the Police to put an end to it—although at first facilitated by the dread of punishment—were greatly assisted by a growing consciousness that the law was now administered, not for public oppression, but for public protection. When the peasant became satisfied that his wrongs were assured of redress, and that satisfaction for either insult or injury was to be had at all times, it was comparatively easy to induce him to abstain from 'taking the law into his own hands' and fighting out a quarrel.

Quarrels descended from father to son. There was scarcely a district in Ireland that did not recognise some hereditary dispute; and it became a sort of duty for a member of one family to insult the member of another family, whenever they chanced to meet. Every relation of each, now matter how distant, was expected to 'stand by his faction;' and times and places were regularly appointed where they might meet to 'fight it out;' the majority of the combatants in nine cases out of ten being utterly ignorant what they were fighting for, and the leaders being very seldom acquainted with the original cause of the quarrel.

The magistrates were, generally, totally unable to interrupt a fight when it had begun, and

'The Faction Fights of Ireland.'



usually failed to prevent it after the arrangements for it had been made; and we have more than once seen a parish priest—respected and beloved by his flock—laboring as vainly to establish peace among them as if he talked to so many stocks or stones.

Many years have passed since we witnessed one of those disgusting scenes. Unhappily, with their brutality and cruelty was frequently mixed up so much fun and humor and physical courage, that their revolting character was not immediately perceptible, although generosity was a rare ingredient in a fight, and women too frequently mingled in it. We must observe, however, that, in the most ferocious encounter, a woman was seldom struck—we might almost go the length of saying, never—except by accident. We recollect seeing one of 'the gentler sex' striking right and left with a terrific weapon—a huge stone in a stocking-foot—and noting several men knocked down by her blows without either of them aiming at her a single one in return. It used to amaze us that more lives were not lost in such contests; but a man was frequently saved in consequence of the number of his adversaries, all beating at him with their sticks, which generally interfered so much with each other that few of the blows reached him. We call to mind one fair in particular; it took place in the vicinity of Ballydehob, about thirty miles west of the county of Cork, and at a time when there was little dread of interruption. We shall endeavor to describe it—briefly, however, for the subject is not pleasant, and, now, cannot be useful—with the 'introductory scene' which the artist has pictured from our description. Towards the afternoon

of a fine spring day, the rival factions began to assemble—each armed with his stout shillalah*. The leaders parleyed somewhat before they began—not a very frequent course; they were surrounded by women and children; and an old hag seemed determined there should be no chance of peace, for she rated one of them with the term 'coward.' Actual hostilities were, however, commenced by a huge fellow running through the crowd and stopping before each man of the opposite party, whom he greeted with the foul phrase 'liar:' his purpose was soon answered; one less patient than the rest, struck him a blow; their sticks were crossed, and in a moment hundreds joined the melee. They fought for above an hour—and, at length, one party was beaten off the field. But, in truth, we can do little good by entering into minute explanations of a scene so revolting;

* The shillalah derives its name from a famous wood, near Arklow in the county of Wicklow, where the best oaks and black thorns were grown. It was generally about three feet long; sometimes a smaller one was used, called 'a Kippeen,' or 'Cla' alpeen'; and occasionally one of eight or ten feet long, called 'a wattle.' The peasantry were very choice in the selection of their national weapon, and especially careful in its preparation after it was cut. Sometimes it was tempered in a dung-heap; at others in slack lime; but the more usual mode was to run it over repeatedly with butter, and place it 'up the chimney,' where it was left for a period of several months. We have in our possession one that we have pretty good evidence had been actively engaged in every fair in the neighborhood for above twenty years, and at length came into the hands of a magistrate, from whom we received it, in consequence of its owner having been transported for manslaughter at a fight.



and we shall prefer leaving them to the reader's fancy; communicating the attendant consequences in the less disagreeable form of a story; telling it, however, as nearly as we can call them to mind, in the very words in which we heard it; and so carrying out our plan of varying dry details by the introduction of matter more attractive.

'The faction fights, plaze your honors,' said an intelligent countryman when spoken to by us on the subject, 'the faction fights are a'most, and maybe more than a'most, gone off the face of the country. The boys are beginning to talk about them as things they have seen—like a show or a giant. We ask each other how we were ever drawn into them, what brought them about; and the one answer to that, is—Whisky!—No gun will go off until it is primed, and sure whisky was the priming. That made more orphans and widows than the fever or starvation. Thanks be to God, if death come upon us now, it is by the Lord's will, and not our own act.'

It was encouraging to hear such a remark from one of 'the people'; and this was by no means a solitary instance.

The man had, he confessed, many a time when a mere child, incited by the example of the faction to whom his parents belonged, nerved his little arms to cast heavy stones into the melee, not caring how or where they fell. We usen't to mind a *bit of a shindy in those times*; if a boy was killed, why we said it was 'his luck,' and that it couldn't be helped; if a fellow trailed his coat over the fair green and *dared* any one to stand a foot on it, we enjoyed the fight that was sure to follow, and never thought or cared how it would end. Sure I remember my own brother—and now since he's been a Temperance man, he hasn't raised a finger in anger to any living creature—sure I mind him well, *feeling the tents for heads*, and when he'd got one to his liking, giving it first a good rap, and then calling on the owner to come out and fight him; sure he'd never have done that but for the whisky.' 'Ah,' he continued, 'that was a foolish *divarshin*, but there was no *heart bitterness* with it; nothing to *lay heavy* to the end of

one's days. But the faction fight was the bitterest of all—black hatred descending from father to son, against the opposite faction, as if poor Ireland hadn't enough enemies without turning—worse than a wild beast—to murder and destroy her own flesh and blood. Now there's a poor woman,' he said, pointing to a pale patient-looking person who sat knitting at her cottage door; 'there's a poor creature! Mrs Lawler knows what factions come to, and so she ought; she'll tell the lady her story and welcome, if she has any curiosity to hear it. Good morrow-morning to you, Mrs Lawler, and how's your girleen ma'am? the lady would be glad to rest while the gentleman and I get up the far hill; and you have always a welcome, like your people before you, for the stranger.'

'Kindly welcome,' said the widow. 'Mary, dust the chair, avourneen.'

The cabin was clean and neat, and bearing no evidence, of the presence of that sad poverty we had so frequently seen, though it did not dim the smile or lessen the welcome—nor was it difficult to lead the widow to the story of sorrows, which, however softened by time, were ever uppermost in her mind.

'My mother and myself were widowed by factions—plaze God my little girl won't have the same tale to tell, for the Connells and the Lawlers might put salt to each other's potatoes without fear of fighting, now. It was a shocking thing to see the arm of brother raised against brother, only because as battle and murder war in the hearts of their forefathers they must be continued in their own.'

'I was born a Connell, and almost the first thing I learned was to hate a Lawler, from the lip out; and yet hard fortune was before me, for the very first passion my heart felt was the same love it feels still, for a Lawler; it has known no change, though it has known sorrow; the first knowledge I had of the wild beatings of my own heart was when I saw that girl's father. Ah yah! it has beat with joy and terror often; but the love of my first love, and my last, was always one; and now, when all is past and gone, and that you, Mark Lawler, are in your green, quiet, grave, I am prouder to hav

the choice of your own fine noble spirit, than if I was made this moment the queen of all Ireland's ground. O, lady! if you could have seen him! 'Norah!' said my father to me, and I winnowing at our barn-door with the servant-maid, 'Norah, keep your eyes on the grain, and not on the chaff, and don't raise them above the hedge, for there's many a Lawler will be passing the road this day on account of the fair, and I don't wish a child of mine to notice them.' I intended to do his bidding, and whenever I heard a horse, or the voices of strangers coming down the boroen, I kept my eyes on the grain, and let the chaff fly at its pleasure, until a dog broke through the hedge, and attacked a little beast of my own; so as soon as that came to pass, I let the seive fall, to catch my own little dog in my arms; there was no need for that, for he was over the hedge, lighter and brighter than a sun-beam. Ah, then, I wonder is love as quick at taking in all countries as it is here? Mark Lawler didn't speak ten words, nor I two; and yet from that out—under the bames of the moon, or the sun, in the open field, or in the crowd it was all one; no one but Mark Lawler was in my mind. I knew he was a Lawler by his eyes, and well he knew I was a Connel; but the love would have little of the boy and girl love in it, that would heed a faction. We, who had never met till that moment, could never go astray in the fields without meeting after. Ah! Mary,' she continued, addressing her daughter, and yet, in her simplicity, quite forgetting she had been proving the uselessness of precept by her own confession; 'ah, Mary dear, if ye feel yer heart soften towards a young man, keep out of his way intirely, avourneen; have nothing to say to him, don't drive your cow the same road he walks, nor draw water from the same well, nor go to the same chapel, Mary, barrin you have no other to go to: there's a deal of mischief in the chapel, dear, because you think in your innocence you're giving your thoughts to God, and all the time, maybe, it's to an idol of your own making, my darling child, they'd be going; sure your mother's sorrow ought to be a warning, avourneen!'

'Yes, mother,' replied the blue-eyed girl, meekly.

'Well, lady, my poor father thought I grew very attentive intirely to the young lambs, and watchful over the flax; but at last some of the Connells whispered how it was, that Mark Lawler met his child unknownst; and he questioned me, and I told the truth, how I had given my heart out of my bosom, and I fell at his feet, and cried salt and bitter tears until they dropped upon the ground he stood on; and seeing his heart was turning to iron, I, who had ever been like a willow in his hand, roused myself, and challenged him to say a word to Mark's disadvantage; I said he was sober, honest industrious, and my father was struck with the strength of the heart I took, and listened, until at last he made answer, that if a saint from heaven came down, and was a Lawler, he would not give him a drop of water to wet his lips. He threatened me with his curse if I kept true in my love, and

thought to settle the thing out of hand by marrying me to my own second cousin; but that I wouldn't hear to; God knows I did not mean to cross him, but what could I do? Mark sent to ask me to bid him farewell, or his heart would break; I thought there could be no harm in blessing him, and telling him to think of me no more. Mary, avourneen,' she said, again addressing her daughter, 'If you really want to break off at once with a young man, take warning by me.'

'Yes, mother,' was again Mary's gentle reply.

'At that meeting we agreed to meet again; and so we did, till we got a priest to make us one. At first, I was happy as a young bird; but soon my heart felt crushed, for I had to carry two faces. My father was more bitter than ever against the Lawlers; and my brother, 'Dark Connel,' as he was called, more cruel than my father. At last I was forced to own that I was married. I watched the time when my brother was away; for one storm was as much as I could bear. My father cast me like a dog from the hearth I had played on when a child; in his fury he knelt to curse me, but my mother held a gospel against his lips; so I was saved his curse. The arms of a loving husband were open for me; and until the Midsummer fair I thought my happiness was sure; I worked hard to keep Mark from it, for the factions were sure to meet there; he swore to me that he would not raise a finger against my father or brother, nor let a drop of spirits pass his lips. I walked with him a piece of the way, and I thought all pleasure in sight left my eyes when he waved the last wave of his hat on the top of the hill. As I was turning into our own field, a lark was rising above its nest, singing its glory to the heavens in its sweet voice, when a shot from the gun of one of those *squireens* who are thick among the leaves as spiders' webs, struck the bird and it fell quivering and bleeding close to where I knew its nest was in the corn. I opened the bending grain to see if I could find it; it was lying quite dead, and its poor mate standing close by. The lark is a timid thing, but she never minded me, and my heart felt so sick, that I went into my house crying bitterly.

'I could not rest; I thought in a few hours I might be like that innocent bird; and taking my cloak about me, I walked on, and on, until I came in sight of the fair green. It was a woful sight to me—the shouts of the showmen, the screams of the sellers, the lowing of cattle and bleating of sheep, were all mixed together—while the yell of the factions, every now and again, drowned every thing in its sound. I knew my own father's voice, as he shouted 'Hurree for the Connells—down with the Lawlers.' I saw him standing before Mark, aggravating him. My husband's hands were clenched, and he kept his arms close by his side that he might not strike. I prayed that God might keep him in that mind, and flew towards them. Just as I dropped on my knees by his side, he had raised his arm—not against my father, but against my brother, who had drawn the old man back; and there they stood face to face—

the two young heads of the old factions—blows were exchanged, for Mark had been aggravated beyond all bearing; and I was trying to force myself between them, when I saw my father stretched upon the green, in the very hour and act of revenge and sin. It was by a blow from a Lawler—the old man never spoke another word—and the suddenness of his death (for he was liked by one and hated by the other) struck a terror in them all—the sticks fell to their sides—and the great storm of oaths and voices sunk into a murmur while they looked on the dying man.

'Oh' bitter, heart bitter, was my sorrow. I shrouded my father with my arms, but he didn't feel me; the feeling had left his limbs, and the light his eyes; however hard his words had been, the knowledge that I was fatherless, and my mother a widow, made me forget them all! While some of the neighbors ran for a priest, and others raised the cry, my brother—darker than I had ever seen him—fell upon his knees, and dipping his hands in the warm blood that poured from the old man's wounds, held it up in the sight of the Connells. 'Boys,' he shouted, and his voice was like the howl of a wild beast—'Boys! by this blood I swear, never to make peace till the hour of my death with one of the name who have done this, but to hackle and rive, and destroy all belonging to the Lawlers.'

'And the women who war about me cried out at my brother, and said, sure his sister was a

Connell; but he looked at me worse than if I was a serpent, and resting his hand—wet as it was—upon my head, turned away, saying, '*She is marked with her father's blood in the sight of the people.*'

'I thought I should have died, and when I came to myself I found I was in a poor woman's cabin, as good as half-way home, with two or three of the neighbors about me; and my husband, the very moral of a broken heart, by my side. 'Avourneen gra!' he said, striving to keep down the workings of his heart; 'Avourneen gra! I had no hand in it at all. God knows I wouldn't have hurt a hair of his white head.' I knew it was the truth he was telling, yet somehow the words of my brother clung about me—I was marked with my father's blood.

And the Connells put the old man's corpse upon a cart, and laid a clean white cloth over it; and carried him past my own little place—keeping over it and cursing the hand that gave him his death: hundreds of the neighbors mixed with my own people, my widowed mother and my dark brother following; and so they passed by our door; for miles a long the road I could hear the loud scream of the mother that bore me high above the voices of all the rest. Oh! it was a horrid sound and a horrid sight!

'His death was talked of far and near; the magistrates set to putting down the factions, and the priest gave out from the altar, Sunday after Sunday, such commands, that, without flying in his reverence's face, they could not keep on



at the fights in public; every innocent diversion through the country was stopped on their account; but though there was outward peace, yet day after day I was followed by the spirit of my brothers words; the world wouldn't put it out of his head, that Mark struck the mortal blow, and he turned his ear from me, and from his own mother, and would not believe the truth.

'For as good as two years, the husband, whose life was the life-beat of my worn out heart, seldom left the cabin without thinking he would never come back. I'd wait till he was a few yards from the door, and then steal out to watch him till he was out of sight. At ploughing, or haymaking, or reaping, his whistle would come over the little hill to me, while I sat at

my wheel, as clear as a blackbird's; and if it stopped but for a minute, my heart would sink like death; and it's to the door I'd be. If I woke in the night, I could not go to sleep again without my arm across his shoulder to feel that he was safe; and my first and last prayer to the Almighty, night and morning, was for him.

'My brother was very fond of children, and though he had gone to live at the other side of the parish, I managed to meet him one evening and place little Mary before him; but his face darkened so over the child, that I was afraid *she might be struck* with an evil eye, and, making the sign of the cross on her, I covered her from his sight with my cloak; after that, I knew nothing would turn his hatred, except the grace of God; and though I wished that he might have it, whenever I tried to pray for it for him, *my blood turned cold*. I've often thought,' she continued, after a pause, 'what a blessing it is, that we have no knowledge of the sorrow we've born to; for if we had, we could not bare life. *I had that knowledge*; Mark never smiled on me that I did not *feel my flesh creep*, lest it should be his last. He'd tell sometimes of how things were mending, how there was much bitterness going out of the country; and though there was no talk of temperance then, he saw plain enough, that if men would keep from whisky they'd forget to be angry. And every minute, even while I trembled for the life of his body, the peace and love that was in him made me easy as to the life of his soul. At last I persuaded him to leave the country; a new hope came to me, strong and bright, and I thought we might get away to America, and that, maybe, then he'd have a chance of living all the days that were allotted at his birth. I did not tell him that, but having got his consent, I worked night and day to get off—it was all settled; the

day fixed; and none of the neighbors, barring one or two of the Lawlers, knew it, and I knew my brother would not hear it from them; and then my mother lived with him. The evening before the day was come, that time to-morrow we were to be on ship-board. 'I'll go,' says my husband, 'I'll go to the priest this evening, who christened, confirmed, and married me, and who knows all that was in me from the time I was born; his blessing will be a guard over us, and we'll go together to his knee.'

'We went; and though the parting was sad, it was sweet; we walked homewards—both our hearts full. At last Mark said, that only for me he'd never have thought of leaving the old sod; but, maybe, it would be for the best. I opened my mind to him then *intirely*, and *owned more than ever I had done before*; how the dread of the factions had disturbed me day and night; though I did not tell him how *my father's blood had been laid on me by my own brother*. He laughed at me his gay wild laugh—and said he hoped my trouble was gone like the winter's snow. Now, this is a simple thing, and yet it always struck me as mighty strange intirely; we were walking through a field, and, God help me, it was a weak woman's fancy, but I never thought any harm could come to him when I was with him, and all of a sudden—started, maybe, at his laugh—a lark sprung up at our feet; we both watched it, stopped to watch it, about three yards from the ditch, and while it was yet clear in sight, a whiz—a flash as of lightning—the sound of death—and my husband was a corpse at my feet.'

The poor woman hung her apron over her face to conceal her agitation, while she sobbed bitterly. 'The spirit of the factions,' she continued, 'was in that fatal shot. Oh that he, my blessing and my pride, should have been struck



WEIGALL DEL.
LINTON SC.

in the hour of hope! Oh, Mark! Mark! long ago you, that I loved so well, were turned into clay—many a long day ago; and still I think when I sit on your green grass grave, I can hear your voice telling me of your happiness; the heart of the youngest maid was not more free from spot than yours, my own darling! And to think that one of my own blood should have taken you from my side. Oh, then it was I who felt the curse of blood!

'And was it—was it?' we would have asked, 'was it your brother?'

'Whisht!' she whispered, 'Whisht, avourneen, whisht! *he's in his grave, too—though I didn't inform I left him to God*. When I came to myself, the place around—the very sky where the lark and his soul had mounted together—looked dismal, but not so dark as the dark-faced man who did it: he had no power to leave the spot; he was fixed there; something he said about his father and revenge, God help me! sure we war nursed at the same breast. No one

knew it but me, so I left him to God—I left him to God! And he withered, lady! he withered off the face of the earth—withered, my mother told me, away, away—he was *cut to death by his conscience!* Oh, who would think a faction could end in such crime as that!'

'Ah! people who live among the flowers of the earth know little of the happiness I have in taking my child, and sitting beside her on her father's grave; and as month after month goes by, *I can't but feel I'm all the sooner to be with him!*' When she said this, it was impossible not to feel for her daughter; the poor girl cast such a piteous look upon her mother, and at last, unable to control herself, flung her arms tightly round her neck, as though she would keep her there forever.

Again and again did her mother return her caresses—murmuring, 'M colleen-dhas will never be widowed by faction now; the spirit is all gone, praise be to the Lord: and so I tell him when I sit upon his grave.'

THE YOUNG MEMBER'S WIFE.

A Tale of the Day.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

'Mutual affection requires to be preserved by mutual endeavors to amuse and to meet the wishes of each other; but where there is a total neglect and indifference either to amuse or oblige, can it be wondered if affection following the tendency of its nature, becomes indifferent, and sinks into mere civility?'

ANONYMOUS

Perhaps there is no country in Europe where the young and beautiful wives of the aristocracy receive so little personal protection from their husbands as in England. This assertion, at the first moment, may appear extravagant and unfounded; but those who have had the opportunity of observing, more narrowly than the mere superfiices afford, the manners and habits of persons in fashionable life, and the various causes in it of domestic alienation, will be compelled to agree with me that it is, lamentably, only too true.

For instance—clubs, the turf, shooting, hunting, and the senate, furnish incessant, and, in the opinion of most men, imperative and legitimate reasons for abandoning their wives to their own resources and to the guardianship of their own honor; and highly indeed does it redound to the credit of my fair and fascinating countrywomen that so few, so very few comparatively, fall a sacrifice to the stupendous security thus inconsiderately, if not cruelly, placed in them—there never having been yet a young female so isolated, with even only moderate pretensions to beauty, who did not find herself the object of the vicious designs of the libertine, and who, although she escaped pure and unsullied from his invidious snares, still painfully felt the consciousness of her own weakness, and the

want of a husband's protection in the hour of danger and temptation. For, even to the most virtuous, flattery is a temptation to a certain extent, few female hearts being totally insensible to the witchery of long-continued and respectful assiduity, however surrounded by the bulwarks of chastity and decorum.

But that they do often escape such perils, and triumphantly too, solely and entirely by their own powers of resistance and innate high principle, will be demonstrated in the following simple and true story.

I shall not enter into a minute and uninteresting detail respecting the earlier years of my heroine, which could only prove tedious to my readers, she having passed them precisely like every other happy girl, cradled in the lap of luxury, with health, beauty, talents, unbounded spirits, and blindly indulgent parents, at the age of eighteen, and just four months after her union with the object of her first artless affection, a rich, handsome, and adoring young man of twenty-two.

When Agnes Bouverie, after a short and interruptedly happy courtship, accompanied Horace Wilmer to the altar, to plight her heart's vows of eternal love and fidelity to him, she was perfectly delirious with delight at the prospect of felicity thus suddenly presented to her view.

Without an atom of experience on either side, full of the wild exuberance and gorgeous anticipations of youth, in the flush of hope and prosperity, with joy and laughter swelling the sails, the young couple were launched on the ocean of pleasure and dissipation, to steer their

course through its dangerous shoals and quicksands as it might please chance; or rather Providence, to direct their frail bark—for there ever is a watchful One hovering over the young and inexperienced, so long as the errors they commit proceed from thoughtlessness alone, and not crime.

Agnes had besides, the strongest guarantee a woman can possess against the seductions of flattery, and the insinuations of art, in the boundless affection and admiration she felt for her husband. She wanted no more knowledge of the world, no deeper acuteness, to be proudly conscious of his vast superiority over the whole crowd of adulators who worshipped at the shrine of her superlative and unrivalled beauty. Love instructed her to compare him with others, and invariably to make the comparison in his favor.

'Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,
'Tis woman's' whole existence.'

Not that this opinion of the caustic but elegant Byron could apply to Horace in the remotest degree; for if Agnes made her affection for him the sole cause of her delight to her existence, he, in return, appeared to live only for her. Hourly, indeed, did he feel his adoration increase for the devoted trustfulness, the sweet child-like dependency, of his young and lovely wife. At first, he did not deny, even to himself, that it was her mere personal attractions that awakened the passion which induced him to make her his; but the amiability of her disposition, the rare qualities of heart he discovered in her, the reliance she placed in him, the confidence she inspired that it was in his power alone to render her really happy, rivetted the chain of affection round his heart—chains, he felt, would and must last forever, for they were forged by beauty, and linked by virtue. As day after day thus glided past in serenity of mutual endearment, without a cloud to dim love's iris, or cast a chill over the sunshine of ardent and youthful feeling, Agnes could not but become sceptical as to the truth of the numerous cautions she was constantly receiving from her considerate but less happy female friends—not to calculate too much on her present felicity—that she must not expect Horace always to be the same—that it was inherent in man's nature to seek for change—that inconsistency, alas! was the grand exception to perfection in his sex—and that she had no right, beautiful and affectionate as she was, to expect a miracle to be wrought in her favor, to destroy a truth established almost since the creation. A constant husband!—the idea was truly preposterous, and the sooner she banished it from her bosom, the better for her peace of mind, there being none such.

'I do not expect a miracle to be wrought in my favor,' she would mentally exclaim, after meditating profoundly on 'the subject ever present to her imagination, and to which these remarks of her more experienced friends added a painful and lively interest, the continuance of her husband's affection, 'but I cannot perceive a shadow of change in him. Does not his eye follow my every movement with the same glance

of fond approval? is not his smile of greeting as sincere, and his parting kiss as ardent, as they were at the first hour of our union? and when did his voice possess a deeper, a dearer emphasis of tenderness than now? when did his 'my own love, as he always called me since that happy union, thrill my soul with greater bliss than the last time he uttered it? Men might be changeable naturally, no doubt; but my Horace will and must ever be the same. Yes, yes, I am sure he must. Then why torment myself with groundless fears, and unfounded anticipations of evil?'

Poor Agnes! She was just at that self-deluding age when the chrysalis, engendered in the heart, from her very being, bursts its transparent envelope, and the imprisoned butterfly Hope, expands its broad beautiful wings over it, to the exclusion of all the more terrible and chilling realities of life. Then it is that the eye is radiant with soul-born brilliancy, the cheek warm with the deepest blush of vitality, the step bounding and elastic, and woman appears the bright animated personification of glad, joyous, trustful expectation—only, alas! to be crushed, to be bowed, to be annihilated, by the ponderous arm of disappointment, that awful machine, that pulverizes as it were to dust every sanguine anticipation of youth, to be scattered abroad by the tempestuous blasts of experience.

About this time, a vacancy occurred in the representation of his native town, the liberal member having died of a sudden attack of apoplexy, from over-exerting himself at a public meeting respecting the repeal of the corn-laws, the subject of all his political labors and desires, and for the obtaining of which he really did consider life a cheap sacrifice; and as Horace's political opinions were precisely the same on that head, his friends urged him to offer himself as a candidate for it. Young, rich, eloquent, and highly popular as he was, how could he do better? they observed. How, indeed! particularly as he was literally without a pursuit, and began to feel the want of some active and absorbing occupation. He therefore stood, and had the gratification of being returned by a most triumphant majority, always a proud era in a man's life.

At first Agnes was charmed with his success, and warm and heartfelt were her congratulations on the occasion. Horace being in parliament, she thought, would oblige them necessarily to reside more in London too—her darling London, with its opera, its theatres, its '*matinées musicales*,' its evening concerts, and its *Almanacs*—in fact, with its thousand delightful sources of amusement and pleasure, with which the lovely daughters of fashion are never satisfied, but still feel an unappeasable craving after them, even when the day of enjoyment seems to have flown for ever—

'As if increase of appetite grew with what it fed on.'

There was so much actual business, however, to be transacted after his return, that the first month of their being in town passed away without affording Agnes an opportunity of visiting one of the above mentioned places, accompani-

ed by her husband; and, insatiable as she was in the pursuit of pleasure, her fond philosophy taught her that it would defeat its own object to seek it without him; so that, in fact, she lived, and in the very height of the season too, even more retired than when in the country, being continually surrounded by a circle of attached friends and relatives, all studious to promote her happiness.

Then unless she could contrive to dine when every other fashionable woman was sipping her chocolate, there was not the slightest chance of her partaking of that hitherto prolonged meal with her beloved Horace; for, 'attend the House he must;—there were such important measures just now in agitation, so much at stake, that a man who really wished the good of his country must consent to waive all minor considerations of personal comfort and convenience to be at his post, the least display of apathy or supineness being taken immediate advantage of by the opposition party, who were only too much on the alert already.' Agnes, therefore, submitted, uncomplainingly to this innovation of domestic comfort for the sake of *patriotism*, making her moderate dinner at any hour, however primitively early, that suited his arrangements, for the feast of Apicius would not have afforded a banquet to her unshared by her husband. Indeed, such was the lively and anxious interest she took in all that concerned him, that for several weeks she sat up until his return, let the debate have been ever so protracted, to participate in his success, or to soothe the irritability and chagrin of his disappointment.

But such long and solitary vigils began to undermine her constitution and prey upon her spirits, particularly when, with the tact of a sensitive, delicate-minded woman, she discovered that the sacrifice was not duly appreciated by the idolized being for whom it was alone made—then, indeed,

'A change came o'er the spirit of her dream.'

Horace was altered! He had become cold, indifferent, and petulant—fatigued, harassed, and frequently smarting under the infliction of mortified vanity, occasioned by the bitter sarcasms of his talented opponents, when he returned to her, after hours of patient watchings, no smile of gratitude repaid the welcome almost wept upon his bosom, no kind word of encouragement cheered her on in her self-imposed task of love and duty, but perhaps a chilling reproof, for being so *tiresome* as to wait up for him, was all the return she received for her unbounded and anxious tenderness. Ah! it requires much severe and bitter schooling to convince the fond loving heart of woman that any thing it has done for the object of its dearest affections is a sacrifice; but when once it is taught the fearful lesson, it retains it with a tenacity fatal to every hour of its after happiness. Then does every act of self abnegation, every act of humiliation, every act of privation, so willingly, so unconsciously endured, rise up reproachfully to upbraid it with the blindness of its partiality—for

there is nothing so proudly just to itself as neglected affection; and this Agnes felt in its fullest force, when, even in the morning, Horace could not find time to inquire into the causes of her declining health or dejected spirits, every moment being eagerly devoted to the examining how the newspapers reported his speeches, to writing to his constituents, to reading petitions, to replying to solicitations of patronage, (and, of course, promising it,)—for where is the dashing cornet who has not been assured that his dream of 'a company' is about to prove no fiction?—the daring midshipman, whose shoulder has not ached, or rather throbbled, with pride, under the weight of the glittering epaulette?—or the starving author who, while he drew out his last solitary shilling for that loaf of bread which was to prolong yet a little space the existence of creatures entwined around his very soul, has not felt his purse heavy with the gold promised for his next work by the new and popular M. P.? In fact, business multiplied so upon his hands, that he found it utterly impossible to attend to the less important wishes and pleasures of his wife. 'If you are so dull at home, my love,' he would frequently observe, in reply to her tender remonstrances, 'you really must try and find amusement for yourself by visiting more generally. You have plenty of friends who will be delighted to show you every attention, and it is not to be expected that, now I am in parliament, I can find time to dangle about to all the balls and routs you may desire to go to, Agnes. Look at other men's wives! How do they act? Why, reasonably, to be sure, by going where they like without their husbands, and enjoying themselves too.'

But it was in vain that Horace Wilmer adopted this worldly-minded line of argument—the gentle, the susceptible Agnes could not become a convert to it. She could derive no consolation from the certainty that other women were able to endure the anguish and humiliation of being despised and neglected by those who had sworn before God to love and cherish them; she only wondered that their hearts did not break, as she felt hers assuredly must, at this dreadful blow to all its dearest hopes.

'Alas! the love of woman! it is known
To be a lovely and a fearful thing;
For all of theirs upon that die is thrown,
And if 'tis lost, life has no more to bring
To them but mockeries of the past alone.'

It was with Horace as with most other young men of desultory habits and unstable principles, that the last novelty becomes the favorite hobby, to the partial, if not total, exclusion of the preceding idol erected by fondness or whim in the bosom. Thus Agnes was forced to yield sovereignty to ambition, and love to be deposed in favor of patriotism. But if any one had hinted to him that his oratorical vanity and pride of place were breaking his wife's heart, by monopolizing all his thoughts, or exposing her to the insidious arts of these noxious reptiles (the *blasé* libertines) ever found crawling in the wake of beauty and innocence, intent to aggravate the gangrene of blighted affections, and to reap the

fruits of the mortified and revengeful feelings they know so well how to awaken in the breast of a slighted woman, he would have lifted up his hands with unaffected astonishment, marvelling how so dangerous and mischievous a lunatic could be suffered to go at large—so blind are the generality of men to the most palpable facts when the mind is preoccupied by any darling passion.

One of those dazzling fire-flies of seduction was forever emitting its meteoric brilliancy in the darkened path of the neglected and sorrowing Agnes, marking with the most intense and jealous anxiety every change that occurred in her domestic happiness, penetrating her every thought, and reading the pain and anguish of her lacerated heart; and this was the Honorable Ernest Caversham, the favorite school companion of Horace, his inseparable manhood friend!

'A friend:

Treason is there in its most horrid shape,
Where trust is greatest!'

Handsome, accomplished, and unprincipled, he only employed the gifts so lavishly bestowed by nature on him to entrap the artless and unsuspecting, and never, never had the numerous victims of his perfidy awakened one pang of remorse, one punctious feeling, in his indurate and callous bosom, for all the ruin and misery entailed on them.

Instantly enamoured of the extreme beauty and simplicity of Agnes, he determined to use every effort to supplant the idolized Horace in her affections. His long experience and deep study of the female character taught him that to succeed in such an object would be a tedious work of time; but, alas! his fatal success in two many similar cases forbade him to despair in this instance.

'They are wonderfully attached to each other, certainly,' he would exclaim mentally, after musing on the display of reciprocal tenderness they neither of them considered it necessary to restrain before so intimate and sincere a friend, 'but it cannot last forever; lovely as she is, time must produce satiety, that curse of married life, or the dormant seeds of ambition will quicken into being, to rouse her husband from his entrancement, and then, Ernest, she is yours!'

Too truly did the first part of his accursed prediction come to pass in the estrangement of Horace—for the rest, *nous verrons*.

Being a friend her husband so highly esteemed, and being also perfectly unconscious of the impression she had made on him, and the secret views he entertained respecting her, Agnes treated Ernest with the most unreserved familiarity, receiving him kindly whenever he called, and found a relief, when at last thrown so much upon herself, in his lively and amusing conversation from the lassitude and ennui of her own sadder thoughts.

This he soon discovered, and on this he regulated his future conduct. Her love for her husband was yet too ardent and acute for him to dare to hazard a word of sympathy, or even, indeed, allow her to perceive that he was aware of the cause of her extreme dejection. No, no;

he knew that, like a timid bird, she would take instant alarm at it, escape ere she was properly entangled in the snare. She was not to be lightly won over from affection, duty, virtue, and religion, but must be led on imperceptibly step by step, like the feeble infant, who gradually loses the fear of danger from the tender encouragements of its nurse, and boldly at last takes the road to freedom and liberty pointed out to it.

Thus, by degrees, he induced her to place unlimited confidence in him—to tell her troubles—to weep over her disappointments—to complain of the coldness and indifference of her husband, (the first sure mark of triumph to the practiced seducer) to consider him, in fact, in the relationship of a brother, (a name he was forever bestowing upon himself,) and what brother so fond, so tender, so respectful, so full of delicate attentions, as Ernest Caversham? O what a consolation he was to her in her anguish and despair! The time was now no longer irksome; she scarcely felt the want of Horace's society; as she had not the opportunity of talking to him, she could freely indulge in the next thing dearest to her heart, talking of him. And to what a listener! how patient, how sympathizing! how intuitively did he enter into her every feeling of wretchedness! how did the tear of compassion swell into his fine dark eye—how did his lofty intellectual forehead contract with pain and anger—how did his deep sonorous voice become tremulous with emotion, as he tenderly yet warily endeavored to convince her that she was the most beautiful, the most neglected, and the most wronged of women, and that his heart bled for her! and how, too, did his hand tremble, when in the excess of his commiseration he suddenly seized hers, and pressed it to his heart with a warmth of friendship that spoke his disinterested sincerity.

Then, again, how severely did he reprove himself for his indiscreet zeal, when he perceived that his covert insinuation of her husband's unworthiness to possess such a treasure, and that if he had been so blessed as to have called her his—

'If Heaven had made him such another world,
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,
He'd not have sold it for her.'

brought the vivid blush of indignation to her cheek, and the eloquent vindication to her lip for her still adored Horace—how did he implore her pardon and forgiveness for his rashness, and how boundless his almost schoolboy transport when he obtained them! Nothing, indeed, could exceed the self congratulation of Agnes, in thus so providentially having found such a friend, adviser, and consoler in her affliction, and how much she thought had Ernest Caversham been misrepresented by those who described him to her as heartless, profligate and licentious; he, who was the invariable advocate of virtue—he, who protested that he entertained the most utter detestation and abhorrence for the man who would basely take advantage of a woman's sorrows to betray her to crime, ruin, and remorse; such were the godlike sentiments his

lips breathed, such were the godlike sentiments her heart fervently and sincerely responded to ;

Agnes could not, however, help being struck sometimes, with all her inexperience, at the constancy of his devotion to her. Had he no other friends who had a claim upon his time? no other pursuits or interests to attend to? How could one so courted and admired (for, notwithstanding his notorious libertinism, his rank was a passport even into the most decorous of fashionable society,) be content to sacrifice days, weeks, and months, to soothe the pains, the ennui of a miserable married woman? Often, when she charged him with neglecting others for her sake, he would assure her that there was none in whom he took such an interest—none who could afford him half the pleasure he derived from her confidence, and being permitted to atone by friendship for the injuries she sustained from love.

This close and unreserved intercourse insensibly endeared Ernest to the heart of Agnes, and rendered him essential to her happiness (for woman's love is, after all, only the deepest sense of gratitude, at discovering that she is the object of undivided regard and affection in the bosom of another.) His sympathy, his adulation, his dangerous, gentle, and undeviating solicitude in her welfare, were the subject of her meditations by day, and her dreams by night, and forced many an unpleasant comparison on her mind, when contrasted with Horace's still continued indifference and inattention.

Ernest knew his triumph. He knew that his witcheries had wrought the enchantment he intended—he knew that his lovely unsuspecting victim was actually within the magic circle of the sorcerer, spell-bound and incapable of resistance; but he did not wish to precipitate his enjoyment—he was resolved to luxuriate over the banquet in imagination, like a true epicurean, aware that the sweetest flavor of the most luscious fruit is destroyed when once tasted.

As the recess approached, however, he reflected that Horace would be less preoccupied, and consequently have more leisure to devote to his wife, and, perhaps, regain that affection she was still totally unconscious was lost to him, imputing all she felt for Ernest to friendship alone.

Now, then, was the moment to strike the decisive blow—now was the time to reap the rich harvest of his long practised hypocrisy and deceit, and Ernest did not lose the opportunity. Dressing his face in unwonted sadness, he called upon Agnes earlier than even his accustomed early hour. She was instantly struck with his visible dejection; of course to question him on its cause, to offer sympathy, to resent the mystery in which he concealed his griefs from her, was natural—was what he expected—was what he desired—was what he hoped for. After listening to her reproaches for his unkind and cruelly-prolonged silence—after being taxed with ingratitude—after hearing her declare, with tears in her eyes, that she was confident he had no sincere regard for her, and that her friendship, like her love, was flung back on her own

sorrowing heart, to wither there too, with all the other flowers fostered into bloom by a false and flattering hope;—as if suddenly struck with dismay at this last accusation—as if eager to vindicate himself from it at any sacrifice, he, with an apparently violent effort to master his own feelings, and to spare hers as much as possible, assured her, with a passionate flood of tears, 'that nothing but her reproaches should have wrung his secret from him, that he would forever have imposed silence on his regrets, and that she should never have known that it was the loss of that very friendship she accused him of not feeling, that was forever indelibly impressed upon his heart, to form alike the charm and torture of every hour of his future blighted existence—that, in fact, the idea of parting with her forever, had alone betrayed him into that display of extreme anguish, of which he had unintentionally made her a witness. 'I thought,' he exclaimed, with increasing vehemence, 'that I had schooled my heart to forbearance, to fortitude, to patience—but your tears—your pity—your fatal misconception of my silence, have quite unmanned me. I blush for my weakness! can you forgive it?' Here he threw himself in a paroxysm of despair into an arm-chair, burying his face in his hands, through the fingers of which Agnes beheld the tears of anguish fast oozing.

'But why need we part, Ernest?' exclaimed Agnes, in a voice of the tenderest commiseration. 'Do you suppose I should not feel the loss of your society as much as you would mine? O more, infinitely more; for if you forsake me, who will then pity, console, or befriend the miserable and forlorn Agnes? We must not part, we must not, indeed; I could never survive the separation from you!'

'My own sweet adored Agnes, my only friend, my sole consolation in this world, I take the Almighty to witness how foreign all idea of separation was to me. But it must be so for your own peace of mind, for your respectability for your reputation; the world insists on it, and the world must be obeyed. Yes, dear, dear, idolized Mrs. Wilmer, we must part now, and for ever. Some busy demon, envious of our happiness, has misconstrued our innocent friendship into love, branding me as a seducer to your husband, and oh! horror, horror, horror! you, Agnes, you, as a willing participator in my crime: and he is frantic at his supposed dishonor! But read, read, and judge for yourself,' he continued, forcing a letter into her almost paralysed hands, the first line of which convinced her that it was indeed written by Horace. It was as follows:

'What name does that man deserve, who under the specious semblance of friendship, steals into the unguarded bosom of an unsuspecting woman, to rob it of its dearest possession, chastity? Why, villain, infamous, deceitful villain—and such is the one I now bestow on Ernest Caversham! As for the misguided and unfortunate victim of your guilty and evanescent passion, I leave her to the bitterness of that remorse, which will infallibly rear its serpent-

crested head in her heart, to sting it to despair for the wrong she has inflicted on mine. Tell her that no protestations of innocence will convince me—that no tears will melt me—that no repentance will influence me. I have lost all confidence in her; it is for ever stifled in my bosom; and that even in the grave I shall retain a consciousness of her atrocity. All I ask of you is to remove her, and every relic of her, from the abode she has so polluted, that her remembrance may never more meet the eye, nor her name the ear, of the miserable outraged Horace.

'Oh! was there ever sorrow like unto my sorrow?' exclaimed the agonized girl, clasping her hands, and shedding a torrent of tears.—'To be thought guilty by my husband—to be thought an adulteress by the world—dreadful, most dreadful! Would that I could die this moment! I must, I will write to him. He will believe me—he will forgive me—he must love me again. My own Horace cannot, cannot credit such gross criminality in his Agnes!'

Ernest waited patiently until the first ebullition of grief had exhausted itself; then taking her passive hand, he said, in a tone of such abject resignation as thrilled to her inmost soul, 'Do, dear Agnes, write to your husband instantly; let me be the sacrifice; I can but die—too, too happy if by so doing I can restore you to felicity again. But do not flatter yourself with such a delusion; the seeds of jealousy, once sown in such a heart as his, are never, never eradicated—you must, therefore, prepare yourself for his hourly upbraidings—his distrust—his indifference—his hatred; can you submit only to be an object of the coldest pity and toleration, in that heart where you were lately worshipped, idolized, and even venerated, Agnes? No, no, no, you cannot! you would expire with anguish!'

'O what is to be done? where can I fly from such a fate? O, mercy, mercy, the thought almost destroys me!'

'Where can you fly?' exclaimed Ernest, catching her arms, and straining her to his heart with a suffocating violence. 'Where, but with your slave—the man who has long made you the only idol of his soul! O Agnes! I thought it merely friendship, but it is love—boundless, ecstatic, intoxicating love I feel for you, beautiful, angelic, adored woman. You must, you shall be mine—happy, happy Ernest!'

'Yours!' she absolutely screamed, disengaging herself from his encircling arms; 'you do love me, then? You are the villain Horace takes you to be? you are the serpent that is to sting me with remorse?' then flinging herself wildly on her knees, she exclaimed frantically, 'O God, pardon me for trusting that man! Go, go!' she continued, seeing him still hesitate to leave her, 'Go! your very presence fills me with shame and horror—shame at my own credulity, and horror that there is such a monster on the earth. O how I thank thee, Heaven, for this escape! Go, go, wretch that you are or my menials shall force you to obedience. I will remain here till Horace returns—I will fling

myself at his feet—I will force him to believe my innocence, or die at them, blessing him still with my latest breath.'

'O it is no use preparing for a scene,' he observed, smiling sarcastically, 'you need not hope to establish your innocence by vilifying me—your husband will not credit your assertions; he places too much reliance in my honor for you to succeed with him there, madam.'

'Reliance in your honor,' she exclaimed, with the bitterest contempt; 'no—he placed reliance in my honor; he entrusted his own to the custody of his wife, and he shall not be deceived in his confidence. Do not imagine,' she continued, with an imposing dignity of tone and manner, 'that I am going to injure his feelings, or my own reputation, by giving greater publicity to your audacity. No, I have too sincere a regard even for his pride, and hold you in too sovereign detestation, to allow even a word of this scene to transpire. Besides, the woman who cannot protect herself against the designs of insidious villany—would infallibly fall into the snare, if surrounded by the bulwark of the united universe. She must defend herself from them, and can, if she really possesses any genuine principles of virtue. If I cannot convince him of the utter falsehood of that letter—if he is still resolved to banish me from his home and heart—'

'O, as for that letter,' interrupted Ernest, 'your husband knows nothing about it, nor is he jealous of our intimacy. If the truth must be told, I wrote it myself. The confession is humiliating, I grant; but you have misled me, Agnes, cruelly misled me. I thought you loved me, and it was to overcome any latent scruples of virtue you might have, that I practised what I considered in love only 'a pious fraud.'

'You wrote that letter—you thought I loved you!' cried the delighted girl, almost extending her arms to him, 'O, if I ever felt inclined to do so, it is at this moment—it is now, in hearing you pronounce the blessed words, that my husband does not, never did suspect my innocence. Go! I pardon and forgive you for the torture you have inflicted on me. I owe you much for the lesson you have taught me.—You are my first, and last male confidant, rest assured, and but for precipitate villany, I might have fallen a victim to the imprudence of making such a one. It will be a warning to me for ever; may it have a salutary effect on your own callous and reprobate heart, Mr. Caversham.'

Thus she parted for ever with her unique friend—her paragon of perfection—the man she fancied necessary to her happiness; how did she shudder at her escape, when she discovered that he was in the remotest degree essential to it—that he had seduced her imagination at the expense of her judgment, and that her heart was quite untouched!

The recess brought Horace—his time, and his affections, back to her, in all the freshness of his early love, and he was both surprised and delighted to find that his beloved Agnes was more devoted than ever—more anticipatory of his wishes, more thoughtful for his happiness;

and all with that subdued tenderness of manner, which rendered her even more beautiful and interesting—woman never appearing so truly irresistible as when under the government of a shrinking and bashful timidity. Horace imagined it was owing to time and experience having matured her judgment and chastened her heart, but it arose from a holy gratitude to the Almighty, for having extended the helping hand to rescue her from the fascination of vice.

The fashionable journals shortly announced the departure of the Honorable Ernest Caversham for the continent. Horace imputed it solely to his being involved, and was hurt and offended that he had not the assistance and sympathy of his friendship in his pecuniary embarrassments. Agnes was conscious that he had

another reason for quitting England, which she kept an inviolable secret, rejoicing that he had had sufficient delicacy to avoid her presence after his base and unmanly conduct. Still she could not help feeling some degree of astonishment at the pliability of his affections, when she learnt that he was accompanied in his self-imposed exile by a lovely but most notorious figure of the Opera. Happily for her innocence, she did not know that it was ever thus with the sons of infamy.

'But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,
Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven,
So lost, though to a radiant angel link'd,
Will save itself in a celestial bed,
And prey on garbage.'

FORTY-ONE TONS OF INDIGO; Or, the Careful Dealer.

BY EDWARD HOWARD,

Author of 'Ratlin the Reaver,' 'The Old Commodore,' 'Jack Ashore,' &c.

Let us begin with a maxim. Though such a commencement may a little startle the mere amusement-seeker, we must disregard his very natural fear of being instructed for the sake of the imposing air that it gives to the article.—'In matters of business, if you can help it, as far as possible never commit yourself by speaking first, and on no account commit yourself by speaking hastily.'

We have propounded our aphorism, and we now proceed to prove its value by the narrative of a fact, which, should it read a little like a tale, we shall not be sorry for, but merely plume ourselves upon the attractive manner in which we have related it. It is not our fault if we be naturally eloquent. But this will not make us vain, for we have much greater sins than eloquence to answer for.

Men with linen aprons before them have sometimes very creditable feelings, and a coat out at the elbows may often be buttoned over a generous breast. It may be even suspected that maidens with serge gowns on their backs may have their susceptibilities, though I know these latter have been shamefully monopolized by young ladies who are votaries to the excitements of elegant fiction.

If the above propositions can be tolerated by the reader, let him read on, and know that the hero of this little moral sketch was a dounce and canny Scot, making up, by their great variety, for the limited extent of his dealings. He was a chapman in a p. omiscuous line. In fact—why should we attempt to disguise the truth?—he kept what in London would be called a chandler's shop. He condescended, merely for the convenience of his immediate neighbors, to sell candles as low as a farthing apiece—indeed he would, for the nonce, furnish light so attenuated that you might furnish two for a farthing, and yet he had small beer in his emporium more at-

tenuated still. He also sold dying materials, among which I might have classed his small ale, and he had coculus indicus to set off against a halfpenny's worth of salt, barilla against two sheets of Parliament cake for a baubee, and indigo by the pound against snuff by the half ounce.

Indeed, our trustworthy friend, Donald M'Grie, had no small pride in his shop; and the street in which he lived in the gude auld town of Aberdeen, had just as much pride in Donald. Really Donald was a safe chiel; he kept his accounts accurately, both with God and man, for he was as punctual at kirk as in his payments, and, as he allowed no long scores with his neighbors, he took care never to run largely in debt by crimes of omission, which must be some day settled before a tribunal so awful.

Having thus sufficiently described Donald's circumstances, we must now proceed to narrate the first grand step that he made towards acquiring the splendid fortune that he so well deserved, and lived so long to enjoy.

He was out of indigo; that is to say, all the indigo that he lately had, had gone out from his warehouse by dribblets. Thereupon he writes a letter to the house in London, a drysalter's in the most extensive line of business, ordering 'forty-one pons weight of indigo,' stating, at the same time, that if there was not a vessel, they must 'get one.' Such were the exact words he used.

Now, at the time this occurred, communication between Aberdeen and London was rare, and, at farthest, four times in the year was the utmost extent that Donald M'Grie and his wholesale dealers addressed each other. These latter were very much surprised at the extent of the order, and the reader will not wonder at it when he is informed that they never could suppose

for a moment that a vessel could be ordered on purpose to carry forty-one pounds of indigo; so, after much scrutiny of the very hieroglyphical marks of M'Grie, all the heads of the firm took it firmly into their said heads that their correspondent had fairly written forty-one tons.

They knew but very little of the man, and of the nature and extent of his business; all, however, that they did know was most satisfactory; they had done business with him for nearly twenty years, and had, during all that time, been extremely well pleased with the punctuality of his payments, added to which, they had heard that he was wealthy. Upon all these grounds, they, without hesitation, executed the order; but, as they had not anything like the quantity on hand, they were themselves forced to become purchasers, in order to fulfil the commission. Having collected the quantity that they supposed that Donald had specified, they shipped it for Aberdeen, sending with it an invoice, and also a bill of lading by post.

When M'Grie received this precious bill of lading his astonishment was at once ludicrous and stupendous. At length, in order to give himself a little mental relief, he determined to set it down as a hoax, for, said he, 'what on earth can the people of London mean by sending me forty-one tons of indigo?' It was more than sufficient, with the then consumption, to supply Aberdeen for a gude Scotch generation—twenty-one years. However, his prudence still prevailed over every other operation of his mind.

Like a canny Scot, he kept his perplexity to himself, for nothing was farther from his thoughts than to run hither and thither with his mouth open, and the letter in his hand, in order to tell his tale of wonder, and excite the stupid exclamations of his neighbors. Notwithstanding this stoical conduct, he could not so far command his deportment, but that those about him remarked a definite, though a mysterious, change in his whole man. He was nearly silent; but the activity of his feet made up for the idleness of his tongue. He was fidgetty, repeatedly leaving his shop without any conceivable reason, and then returning to it hastily on the same rational grounds. For once in his life, his neighbors thought that wily Donald did not very well know what he was about.

In the midst of this agitation, time and tide, which wait for no man, brought the vessel that bore the indigo to Aberdeen. It would seem that, in order to quicken Donald's apprehension, she had an extraordinary quick passage. No sooner was she moored, than the captain hastened to find the merchant to whom this large and valuable cargo was consigned. Having gone previously to the very first merchants, he by nice gradations, at length arrived at the little shop of the actual consignee, honest Donald M'Grie. Indeed, the skipper was as much astonished at the minuteness of the warehouse as M'Grie had been at the magnitude of his cargo, for that warehouse, had it contained nothing else, would not have held the one-fifth part of his consignment.

After the few first introductory sentences, that made each aware of what was their mutual business, the captain became convinced that all was right from the quiet conduct of Donald, who betrayed neither emotion nor surprise, though at the same time his very heart was melting within him, as melts an exposed rushlight on a sunshiny summer's day.

'And sae, sir, ye'll be sure ye hae brought the tottle of the forty-one tons. A hugeous quantity, eh, sir! And did ye ever ken any one mon hae sae mickle before?'

'Never, Mr. M'Grie, never. Why, sir, do you know that the difficulty of getting all the indigo together had an effect on the market. It was fully three farthings the pound dearer on 'Change the very day I left London.'

'O, ay—purely. It was—was it? Now I'll just put ye ane case—not that it is o' the slightest consequence, but merely to satisfy my conjecture—supposing, mon, ye had all this indigo, what would ye just do wi' it?'

'Why,' said the skipper, 'I should not have bought it unless I wanted it; and if I had wanted it, I should have known what to do with it. That is, Mr. M'Grie, precisely your case.'

'Ah weel, my mon, but ye're an unco cannie chiel. Do ye na ken whether his precious majesty, may God bless him, aint gaun to make the volunteer laddies wear blue regimentals—blue is a pure standing color.'

'Why, I don't know, but some report of that sort may be stirring; for what with your large demand, and other matters, indigo is certainly getting up. But my time is precious. Here's your bill of lading, so just sign my papers—ah, all right—when and where shall I discharge the cargo?'

'Don't fash yourself, there's nae hurry. I'll just speak to two or three of my worshipfu' correspondents, and let you know on the morrow, or aiblins the next day after. I may hae to send to Edinboro' anent the matter.'

'Ah, yes, I understand, a joint consignment. It won't prove a bad speculation, I'm thinking. Morning, morning, Mr. M'Grie.'

So away trudged the skipper, leaving the owner of much indigo in a state of doleful perplexity, such as ought not to befall any honest man. All that night he kept exclaiming, 'Gude Lord, gude Lord, what shall I do with all this indigo? Na, na, Donald will not commit himself. But it's a mickle heap.'

Very early was Donald abroad the next morning, inquiring of every body all the possible uses to which indigo could be put. He got but very little satisfaction on this point. He began himself to look dark blue. He had almost resolved upon a journey to London, awful as it appeared to him, to have this mistake explained, but he still resolved to wait a little, and to do nothing in a hurry.

The next thing that happened to Donald, with his forty-one tons of dye, was his sad reflections when an old woman came and bought of him one farthing's worth of stone blue.

'Had ye na better try indigo, my gude frien?' says Donald to the old washerwoman quite pawkily.

'And what think ye, gude mon M'Grie, I'll be doing with indigo in the suds? Oot awa, mon; but yer gaffing a pair old body.' So off the old lady trudged with a damaged temper.

'Had I but sold a farthing's worth o' this domed indigo, 'twould have been a beginning.— Had the auld washer bodies hae taken to it! and every little helps.

About this time, as the skipper who had just brought the indigo was just passing the principal inn of Aberdeen, he observed a post-chaise and four, with the horses all foam, stop with a most imposing jerk at the door, and the managing and confidential clerk of the firm of Hubbens, Hobbins, and Robins, the eminent drysalters. The clerk almost flew into the arms of the skipper, and with breathless eagerness asked him if he had delivered the indigo to Donald M'Grie?

'No. It is still in the vessel, but he has the manifest and the bill of sale.'

'Then the property is now vested in him?'

'As securely as the hair upon your own head is your own property. He seems cautious, even for a Scotchman.'

'Is he in a large line of business?'

I can't really say that. We should call his place of trade nothing better than a chandler's shop in London. But they manage thin s in another guess way here.'

'What can he possibly want with this dini-o? He has actually drained the market, and we have just received advices that all the crops of indigo have failed in the West Indies. There is also a large demand for it from government, and it is now actually worth its weight in gold.'

'You don't say so. Why, he was saying something like it. No doubt but that some West Indianman has made the run by herself, and reached this place without waiting for a convoy, and brought the news of the failure of the crops.' Besides, he talked largely about his correspondents.'

'And I am losing all this precious time!—Where does he live? I know nothing about the place.'

'I will go with you, if you choose. I should like to see how the dooce Scott manages it.'

'No, good captain. Just show me the door. If I prosper, you will just have to take the stuff back to London.'

'So I thought. But mind your bearings and distance with M'Grie. He is an over-cautious tradesman.'

It had been a dull morning with Donald. He had sold a little snuff and a little sand, a little cheese, and a half-score of ballads for a half-penny, but not a particle of indigo, and no more stone or powdered blue. He was never known to give such short weight. He had wrangled awfully with his few customers, and was, altogether, in a misty humor.

'I would just gie twa pounds Scotch to get out of this scrape, and some odd siller over; and as he thus exclaimed aloud, he struck the pound of butter that he was making up with his wooden paddles a blow so spiteful, that it resounded like the report of a pistol.

At this moment the clerk entered. He paused for a space just within the threshold, scornfully surveyed the shop and its contents, looked with an air that was not far short of contempt on its proprietor, and immediately settled in his mind his plan of action. He was something of the *petit maitre*, so he placed his white cambric handkerchief before his nose and mouth, and then jerking it away, exclaimed, 'Faugh!' taking from his waistcoat pocket a smelling-bottle which like Shakspeare's popinjay,

'Ever and anon he gave to his nose,
And took 't away again.'

But it was Donald who,

'Being angry when it next came there,
Took it in snuff.'

'What would ye please to buy, honest man?' said Donald, pettishly.

'Buy, my good fellow, buy? Does any one ever buy anything here? You will pardon me, but the stench is intolerable.'

'Ye fause young callant! Here be naething but wholesome smells, such as sic pair thread-paper bodies as your ainself might grow sleek upon. An ye no like the odour, healthfu' as it be, twist round yer ugly snout, and there lies the doerway. So tramp, ye ne'er-do-weel.'

'Pardon me. I am sure, sir, that I did not come to quarrel with you, but merely to rectify a mistake. I believe I am speaking to Mr. M'Grie—Mr. Donald M'Grie?'

'Ye don't lee *nao*,' said Donald very moodily.

'I wish to release you from a great deal of uneasiness, in making right this little mistake of yours.'

'And pray where may ye be come from?'

'London, Mr M'Grie, the centre of the arts, the seat of sovereignty, the emporium of the world—but that is nothing here nor there—I come from London, Mr. M'Grie.'

'And how might ye a' made this long journey? Aiblins by the show waggon?'

'It is you that are slow, my good sir,' said the clerk, flourishing his handkerchief tatefully.

'Chaise and four—spanked along—astonished the natives—never lost a moment, I assure you.'

'Ye'll be making a long stay, nae doubt, in bonny Aberdeen?'

'Not a moment after I've rectified this little mistake. Southward ho! That's the word!'

'So,' thought Donald, 'this spruce young chap is come, I'm sure, about the indigo. I'll save my two pounds Scots and the odd siller.— He did not travel post for nothing. I shall be clear of my bargain free. But let us not be in a hurry.'

'Ye are come to Aberdeen about the indigo, doubtless?' said Donald, after a pause, and very deliberately.

'Yes. My principals feel sure that you have made a trifling mistake in the amount of your order; so, to relieve your anxiety, they have sent me down to you, to say that they are willing to take the indigo back, and release you from your bargain, provided that you will pay the expense of the freight—and a very generous offer it is, I can tell you.'

'I am sure that I am over obliged to the gude gentleman. But pray, sir, who may ye be yer ainself? A modest young man, nae doubt, but humble—yer preffere'm's all to come. One would just like to know whom one is treating wi'—some junior clerk, or, perhaps, one of the warehousemen?—surely ye no be ane of the porters?'

Very indignadt indeed was the fop at these degrading conjectures. With much hauteur he exclaimed, 'I must acquaint you that I am the confidential principal and managing director of the firm's vast mercantile operations; that I am a near relation of Mr. Hubbens, the head of the firm; and that I have full power and authority to do just what I please in this, as in every other transaction. My name, sir, is Daniel Hubbens, at your service. What do you say to my offer?'

'I should like to glance at your authority—no offence.'

Mr. Daniel Hubbens was offended, however; but, finding the Scotchman firm, he was obliged to give him the necessary vouchers that he was empowered to treat with him for a re-sale of the merchandize. The examination of this document still further opened the mental eyes of M'Grie to the value of his late purchase, and he consequently became more dogged and consequential.

Mr. Hubbens, perceiving the turn that affairs were likely to take, and that he had a difficult task to perform, at once altered the loftiness of his manner, and said,

'Well, well, my dear sir, the fact is, you have long bought from us. I wish now to see if we, our very respectable firm, cannot purchase from you. So come down to my inn, and we'll talk the matter over a bottle of the best you can call for.'

'Ou, there's nae accasion; just say a' here.'

'No, no, my dear sir; come with me you must. Im very tired, and the best supper that Aberdeen can produce is providing for us two.'

'Sae ye are gprepared for me. I understand. Ye would na hae ta'en all this troublous wark for little. I'll awa with you, my man.'

And away they both went; in the short journey to the inn Donald cogitating on the utmost that he should ask for the re-sale of the indigo, and the managing clerk endeavoring to divert his thoughts from the value of the goods in his possession.

The supper and its accessories were the best that ever fell to the lot of Donald to share; but he was prudent, and the clerk gained no advantage through the means of his lavish expenditure of choice wines, so, after many flourishes, and much circumlocution, he was forced to put the plain question to his guest, 'What will you take to pass your cargo back to our firm?'

'Troth, Mr. Hubbens, I'm at a loss a bit. Phat will ye gie, truly?'

'Why, Mr. M'Grie, the fact is, we have received a very unexpected order for the article, and our people have empowered me to come to Aberdeen and offer you a thousand pounds to return the cargo just as you got it. There is a

glorious chance for you! A thousand pounds! Don't you feel yourself in heaven?'

'No, no; I'm better advized than that comes to. I dinna buy the mickle lot but upon sound calculations. I have friens, sir, friens who have the first intelligence.'

It is as I suspected, thought the clerk; he has had the first news of the general failure of the crops.

'I'll tell you what it is, Mr. M'Grie—it is a bold step, but I'll take it upon myself to double the offer. Two thousand, sir, two thousand! Hey!'

'Indeed no, my man, I can make mair o't than that.'

'Well, I must let you keep it,' said the youngster, with an air of well-affected interer nee.

'Weel, weel, young sir, here's to yer verra gude health, and pleasant journey back again.'

'Thank you, sir. May the indigo prosper wi' h you!'

They drank two glasses of wine each in silence. The mortification of Hubbens could not be concealed, whilst M'Grie's visage represented content carved out in stone.

After a considerable pause, the clerk lost his temper entirely—his patience had long gone before it—and he resumed the attack upon the imperturbable Donald. At length the would be purchaser, not at all liking the prospect and the shame of an unsuccessful journey back to his principals, in a fit of desperation pulled out his private instructions, and said, 'Here, read that, obstinate man of iron that you are. Just so far am I permitted to go, and no further.'

M'Grie read very deliberately that his host was empowered to offer him the freight both ways, and four thousand pounds.

'It is driving me hard,' said Donald; 'but as you are an uncoamiable young man, and not to fash you with your employers, gude men, I'll just consent. And to show ye that I can be liberal too, why, when ye hae settled the reckoning, I'll stand a pint of Glenlivet atween the twa of us.'

After this, the transaction was immediately wound up, and the money paid down.

Donald M'Grie took accession of fortune coolly and temperately. He reflected that men make a thousand unlucky for one lucky mistake, and that cargoes of indigo don't always quadruple themselves in price when brought by misadventure. Reflecting upon all this, he resolved at this, the proper season, to retire from business. So he made over his stock in trade and his house to his nephew—for a consideration, of course—and bought the lands of C—C—, which said estate is, at this moment, worth five times the money paid for it.

We have made out our case, and that by the means of no fiction. It well exemplifies our moral, 'In matters of moment, never speak first, and never speak hastily.' In the lives of the most unfortunate among us, many lucky opportunities occur. It is neither the learned nor the clever who know best how to seize them, and to turn them to the most advantage. This faculty belongs to the prudent. Had Donald M'Grie

spoken first, and spoken the wish of his heart, he would have said, 'Pray take fifty pounds, and release me from my bargain.' He held his

tongue until it was the proper time to speak, and thus realized a handsome independence for himself and for his children.

GEORGE ST. GEORGE JULIAN,

The Prince

BY HENRY COCKTON.

PART XVI.—CHAPTER XXVI.

IN WHICH MR. CAVENDISH IS CRUELLY ILL-USED.

While the curate, after dinner, was explaining, with a variety of amusing illustrations, first, the unexampled tightness with which he had fully made up his mind to hold Tynte the very next time he caught him; secondly, the excessive severity and point with which he intended to retort upon Sir Richard in the event of his again wishing to know if he had any desire to pick a pocket; and contending with logical smartness and effect that while the former was not sufficiently religious, the latter was a most unpleasant christian, George was suddenly aroused from a reverie by a loud laugh which burst from the prisoners in the yard, and which was induced by the introduction of Mr. Cavendish, who strutted in with a superbly pompous air, and looked upon all whom he thereby amused with an expression of the most supreme scorn. He at the time had no knowledge of George being in the prison; he knew of course that his name had been included in the indictment, but had been led to believe that he had left town to avoid being taken into custody; it was therefore with the most lively feelings of satisfaction that he recognised George, who at once approached him, by his side.

'Ah!—What!—Mr. Julian!' he exclaimed, 'My dear friend, I am happy to see you: I am indeed very, very happy to see you.'

'What here?' cried George.

'You are a man of the world: it may sound strange, it does sound strange, I know it; but you wouldn't believe me were I to say I am not happy to see you now, would you? Selfish perhaps, but as natural as nature for a man to meet with feelings of pleasure a kindred spirit in a place like this. Besides, knowing your talent, I feel more secure?—I don't care so much about it!—But what's to be done?'

'Beg pardon,' said one of the prisoners who with mock humility at this moment approached him. 'Beg pardon, sir—Garnish, sir?—Regular thing, sir?—Garnish?'

'What do you mean, fellow?' demanded Mr. Cavendish.

'It appears,' said George, 'to be usual in these places for every new comer to treat these whom he finds.'

'Oh! that's it!' rejoined Mr. Cavendish.—'And have you the bare-faced audacity,' he added, turning to the man with a look of indignation,—and he really was very indignant indeed—'have you, I ask, the unblushing brazen boldness, after having insulted a gentleman, to ask

him for money? For your insolence, I'll not stand the ghost of a sixpence!—not the smallest fractional fraction of a copper!'

'You had better give them something,' observed George, aside. 'They have the power to annoy you while you are here.'

'Not a bit of it, Mr. Julian. Do you think I'd suffer myself to be annoyed by such scum? The best way is to treat them with contempt. I've always found throughout life, sir, that the more you fear men, the more they'll endeavor to make you fear them. You have my answer!' he added aloud. 'Had your conduct been correct, I'd have stood something handsome; but as it is, you don't get the apparition of a sou out of me, if I know it!'

Whereupon another loud laugh burst from the prisoners in question, the whole of whom were suddenly seized with a fit of pomp, and thrusting their thumbs into the arm-holes of their waistcoats, after the manner of Mr. Cavendish, blew out their cheeks to the utmost stretch, and strutted about with an air the most majestic they could assume, to the great scandal of their fat fellow-prisoner, who viewed the whole of their bombastic imitations with feelings of ineffable disgust.

Having persuaded Mr. Cavendish to take no further notice of these ungentlemanlike proceedings, George drew him aside, and they began to converse on the subject of the indictment; and when every point having reference to the transaction had been discussed, and George, with his usual candour, had explained clearly the course he intended to pursue, Mr. Cavendish was in raptures, and declared not only that his friendship for him was ardent and pure, but that it should be eternal!

During the whole of the time they were thus conversing, the rest of the prisoners kept aloof; for as George, by his prompt liberality and unassuming manners, had gained their respect, they would not annoy him by the slightest interruption; but the moment the conversation ceased, they recommenced operations, and developed all the powers of mimicry they had in them, as well to the annoyance of Mr. Cavendish, as to the amusement of themselves.

Now at that particular period of our history, prison discipline was not quite so rigid as at present; and with reference to this the New Prison, Clerkenwell, it will be necessary to observe, that instead of the prisoners being locked up all night in separate cells, they slept in wards, as in an hospital, and passed their nights generally in a most agreeable manner, deriving from an unrestricted interchange of sentiment, infi-

nite amusement and instruction. To these wards during the night, there were no guardians: the individuals therein confined were alone, and enjoyed each other's society without interruption. The watchmen, it is true, alternately went their rounds, and slept with great vigilance; but except in the event of the unfortunate prisoners being sufficiently loud in the expression of their mirth, to keep the governor and his family awake—an occurrence which was not then by any means unfrequent—there was no interference; the merry jest went round, and the practical joke succeeded, and all seemed to be indicative of general joy. A jovial night was sure to follow the introduction of an individual who happened to treat them with contempt instead of beer—of which they were then allowed to have an unlimited quantity; and as it will hence be inferred by the acute, that Mr. Cavendish, under the circumstances, stood but little chance of having a very pleasant night's rest, it may be perhaps as well at once to explain that such inference is strictly correct.

While he and George were engaged in the conversation referred to, the leaders of the popular party were laying down their plans; and as these were very speedily matured, they amused themselves with feelings of intense satisfaction until the time at which they were all locked up for the night.

Unhappily, at least in the estimation of these gentlemen, they could not all enjoy the anticipated sport; but as the particular ward into which Mr. Cavendish was introduced contained just twenty beds, nineteen of them had the felicity of passing the night in his society, and it is quite worthy of being remarked that the facility with which they all appeared to go to sleep was amazing.

Having been in a state of excitement during the day, and feeling therefore, much fatigued, Mr. Cavendish soon sank into oblivion with as little suspicion as a newly born babe, and anon began to snore—and when he *did* take it into his nose to snore, his tones proved him to be a powerful performer—when, being thus convinced of the soundness of his soft sweet sleep, two of the ringleaders rose and having drawn off his blanket and coverlet, one of them returned to his bed and threw a shoe at him quietly, while the other stood solemnly at his feet in the similitude of a spectre.

There was just sufficient light in the ward at the time to enable a man to see an apparition of that character distinctly, and when Cavendish answered this appeal which the shoe had made to his feelings by opening his eyes, the ghost threw him into a profuse state of cold perspiration. He was dreadfully alarmed. He had no faith in supernatural appearances, no fixed belief in the tangible character of an immaterial thing, and yet he felt that which he saw before him had pulled off his blanket and quilt! And he trembled with violence at the idea, and glared with all the power at his command, and when the spectre groaned, after the manner of spectres, he was fairly struck with horror. And yet

—was it really a ghost? He couldn't say it wasn't—there it was! Still, although it appeared a *bona fide* affair, was it—was it not—an optical illusion? The spectre, conceiving that this was pretty well for a beginning, said 'Beware!' in a sepulchral tone, three times, as regular spectres invariably do, and then retired majestically to the crib from which it rose, and disappeared with so much ingenuity that, in view of Mr. Cavendish, it sank in the most direct manner possible into the earth. And yet—oh, it was ridiculous!—how could it? It couldn't! It *was* a mere optical illusion! But then, who had pulled off the bed clothes? That was the point. But no matter. He pulled them on again. He wouldn't believe in ghosts. He'd see them all at Jericho before he'd believe in them. Ghosts!—pooh!—absurd! He tucked himself up with great courage, re-adjusted his night-cap, and very soon re-commenced snoring.

This being the recognised signal for the safe renewal of operations, the *ci-devant* spectre and his deputy again gently glided out of bed, and having emptied a jug of water into the elegant boots of Mr. Cavendish, passed a penknife dexterously along the seams of his coat out the collar off his waist-coat, and established a few striking pen and ink portraits upon the prominent parts of his white kerseymere trowsers, they produced a piece of cord with a noose at one end, into which they slipped one of the great toes of Mr. Cavendish, with all the quiet dexterity of Indian thieves.

Now it may not be generally known that this process is technically termed *toe-lining*—that nature invariably prompts a toe-lined individual to pull up his foot with great force on awaking—that the pain produced by this extremely natural movement is remarkably acute, and that, as a general thing, the victim doesn't know what to make of it at all. It will hence be correct to explain that such are really the acts of the case—that the more a man pulls in that case, the more he feels it, and that although it is usual to tie the other end of the cord to the bedstead, it was in this particular instance attached to one of the legs of the individual who slept immediately opposite, and who, being a fresh man, was not *ou fait* in any sense of the term.

The cord then having been thus arranged with great care, and of course with a proper regard unto silence, the conspirators returned to their respective cribs, and arming themselves with two jugs of cold water, directed the contents at the head of Mr. Cavendish, with admirable precision and force.

In an instant—in the twinkling of an eye—that gentleman awoke and feeling something unusual attached to his toe, pulled it up with surpassing sharpness, and as that gave him pain, he cried as naturally as possible, 'Oh!' three times, with the most perfect distinctness.

'What are you at?' demanded the beauty opposite, who feeling a tug at his leg, drew it up very promptly, and gave thereby an excruciating twinge to Mr. Cavendish, who roared again,

'What are you about?—Do you hear?—Let go, you sir, will you!'

'Murder!' roared Cavendish. 'Murder!—On!' And he really did feel it acutely.

'Let go, I tell you!—let go your hold!' cried the man in opposite bed, who was very indignant, and shook his fist fiercely, and pulled up his leg with great power—torturing Cavendish at every pull, as a natural matter of course—while the popular party were roaring with laughter, it being a thing which they really enjoyed.

'Murder! Mur-der!! Mur-DER!!!' shouted Cavendish; for the ferocious person opposite kept tugging with so much violence, that he actually believed that the design was to tug his toe positively off.

'Will you let go,' cried that person, 'before I get up and trounce you?'

And he pulled away again with great muscular strength.

'Oh! oh! oh! Murder!' reiterated Cavendish, for the thing had become extremely agonising. 'Oh!—Murder!—Fire!—Thieves!—Oh!—Mur-der!'

At this auspicious moment the door of the ward was opened, and the instant the watchmen entered with the governor of the prison—who being a man of courage kept strictly in the rear—the popular party suppressed their hearty laughter, and each assumed, as if by magic, an expression of alarm.

'Now then—hollo!—what's all this?' demanded the governor.

'Oh! here, here!' cried Cavendish piteously.

'What do you mean by kicking up this hollabaloo, eh?'

'Oh! my toe, my toe!' exclaimed Cavendish, in tones which would have pierced the heart of any philanthropist going.

'Your toe!' cried the governor contemptuously, as he hit the cord. 'Blister your toe! I wish there wasn't a toe upon the face of the blessed earth!'

'And this, strange as it may appear, was an extremely natural wish, inasmuch as he had frequently been called from his bed by the uproar produced by the torture of a toe.

'Who did this?' he demanded precisely as if expected to be told. 'D'ye hear—who did it?'

That was the question. Who could have done it? Nobody, of course! It was perfectly ridiculous to suppose that it was anybody. The popular party looked as innocent as lambs, while Cavendish was tenderly nursing his toe, which was as nearly as possible cut to the bone.

'I'll give a crown out of my own pocket, cried the governor in the plenitude of his liberality, 'to know who it was.'

The temptation was not, however, sufficiently strong; the popular party were silent, and when the person who had by his impetuous pulls inflicted so much pain upon Mr. Cavendish, had succeeded in releasing his leg from the cord, said to the watchmen, who were examining that gentleman's wound with a sympathy for which they expected to be paid, 'I say, when you've done with him just let's have a look here.'

The governor, however, who as a man of the world was anxious to return to his bed, at once

directed the watchmen to follow him; and having with great severity, both of aspect and of tone, informed the popular party that if he heard any more noise he'd lock up the lot in penal cells, he and his faithful attendants retired from the ward to the horror of Mr. Cavendish, who with extreme rationality expected another attack.

The individual opposite, being incensed, for his leg was very painful, then offered to fight any one of them for ten pounds aside in a regular ring within a week, or to take a couple of them—one down the other come on—with either his left or his right hand tied behind him; but albeit this challenge was given in a singularly accommodating spirit, it was not accepted by the popular party, who continued to laugh while Cavendish groaned and kept with his friend opposite strictly on the watch.

In the morning, on being summoned from the ward, Mr. Cavendish rose with the rest; but picture his horror, ye who are blessed with vivid powers of imagination, when on drawing on his elegant white trowsers he beheld these artistic pen-and-ink portraits, with which they had been embellished by the *ci-devant* ghost! At first he was absolutely dumb with amazement, and stared at the portraits, and then at his worthy friend opposite, and then at the popular party—the whole of whom burst into a roar—with an expression which developed an enquiring spirit. His amazement was, however, soon supplanted by indignation, and he blustered boldly, and was about to seize one of the conspirators by the throat on speculation, but finding himself so dreadfully lame that he could bear but one foot to touch the ground, he was compelled to relinquish the attempt.

The importance of having his trowsers thus adorned, would, had he been at home, have been comparatively slight, as he could, in that case, have put on another pair at once; but here he had not another pair, and as it was exceedingly questionable whether there was another pair in the prison that would fit him, he naturally felt that the only course to be pursued, was to despatch a messenger immediately to his house, and to lie in bed quietly until he returned. He therefore sent for the governor, and having exhibited the garment with appropriate feeling, inquired first, whether he had ever in his life heard of conduct so shameful; and secondly, what under the afflicting circumstances of the case, he would advise.

The governor smiled as he viewed the trowsers—he couldn't help smiling, albeit, he compromised, to a certain extent, his official dignity thereby; and having remarked that they certainly were devils to look at, he gave his advice, which was strictly to the effect that a man should be sent for another pair at once, and kindly offered to lend him a pair of his own to wear until the messenger returned.

This offer was accepted with gratitude by Cavendish, who then explained with due eloquence the awful characteristics of the night he had passed; and having complimented the governor highly upon his being a kindred spirit and

a man of the world, he put it to him whether he, as a man of the world, knew of anything more excruciating than that particular species of torture which he had the previous night undergone.

In answer to this solemn interrogatory, the governor couldn't affirm that he did. 'But,' said he, 'about the clothes,—I suppose that the rest are all right?'

'I suppose so,' returned Mr. Cavendish, who instinctively took up his waistcoat, and found it minus the collar, and then examined his coat, which he perceived had been ripped in all directions, while the governor politely inspected the boots, which contained as much water as they could hold.

The governor looked at Mr. Cavendish, and Mr. Cavendish looked at the governor, who at length observed, that they had completed their work.

'But can you not punish the villains?' demanded Mr. Cavendish.

'I can, and will if you point them out!'

'There is the difficulty. That I can't do.—But I'd punish them all, and thus be sure that I'd punish the right!' Which was an extremely just, correct, and philosophical observation.

'Well, we'll see about that,' said the governor. 'I'll send you a whole suit, and a man shall be in readiness to receive your instructions.'

Whereupon he left the ward with a view of looking out a suit of his own, but as on reaching the yard he was struck with the idea that his clothes would not by any means fit Mr. Cavendish, he went to the largest turnkey he had, and having told him what was wanted, that person ran home for the suit which he wore on Sundays, with an alacrity which could only be prompted by the lively anticipation of a liberal reward.

Now the turnkey in question not only weighed seventeen stone, but stood about six feet two and a half high, and as the height of Mr. Cavendish did not exceed four feet eleven, he correctly thought that *his* clothes would not be too small. He therefore lost no time in procuring what he felt to be necessary; namely, his best top-boots, a pair of yellow buckskin breeches, a buff waistcoat, and a blue coat fit for any nobleman in the land, with cross pockets sufficiently capacious to carry twins of four years old and upwards, and these extremely gentlemanlike habiliments he conveyed forthwith to Mr. Cavendish on his return.

Mr. Cavendish, as in duty bound, received them with thanks: and when the turnkey had quitted the yard, he commenced an inspection, the result of which was not in the slightest degree favorable. He didn't at all like the look of them; still feeling as a matter of courtesy to the governor, compelled to put them on, he in the first place got into the buckskins. These he tried with great zeal to adjust so as to bring them a *little* near the mark; but although he braced them up with unequivocal tightness he couldn't prevail upon the knee caps by any means to come an inch higher than his ancles.

He notwithstanding kept them on and tried the waistcoat, the pockets of which descended six inches below his hips, while the tails of the coat which he subsequently entered reached fairly to his heels. That in fact was the only garment which he seemed to require, it covered him so completely; he nevertheless boldly walked into the boots, which were nothing at all of a fit, when although he really couldn't tell exactly, having no looking-glass there, he felt inspired with a notion that he might look a beauty; and he did: *his tout ensemble* was rich in the extreme; and when he limped into the yard with the view of joining George, his appearance was the signal for a loud burst of laughter which continued to ring for a long time merrily, peal upon peal.

PART XVII.—CHAPTER XXVII.

GEORGE'S EMBARRASMENTS INCREASE.

Although George was for a time much amused by the appearance of Cavendish, who, until the return of the messenger whom he had dispatched with full instructions, looked all coat and boots, his anxiety for the expiration of the required notice of bail was intense. He did not know why he should feel apprehensive—there was nothing that really appeared then to justify the feeling—yet he felt apprehensive, nevertheless, that his bail would be rejected notwithstanding Bull had got a man of immense wealth to join him. He tried to banish that feeling, but could not; it haunted him still, and continued to haunt him until the time had expired, when his firm and faithful friend came with a heavy heart to announce the sad realization of his fears! The bail *had* been rejected; both Bull and his friend had been refused! and as it hence became necessary to secure other friends, and to serve a fresh notice, George at once clearly saw that he should have to do that of which the bare idea tortured him: namely, to let Julia know the position in which he had been placed.

He mentioned this subject to Bull, who advised him to do so at once, strongly urging that as other friends could not be procured before the morning, three days would elapse before he could regain his liberty if even those friends were accepted, of which he could, from the manner in which he had been treated, but entertain a doubt; but George being most anxious to withhold, if possible, the affliction which he knew the information would produce, would not consent to its being imparted until at least two other friends had been tried, and therefore begged of Bull to go direct to Julia, and to state that he had been most unexpectedly detained, and that his absence for a day or two longer could not be avoided.

Bull did so, and the gloom which the intelligence cast over all at once convinced him that George had pursued the best course, and having answered evasively the many earnest questions proposed, he took his leave with apparent gaiety, and proceeded, without a moment's delay, to the private residences of two old friends, upon whom he prevailed that night to become bail for George.

In the morning accordingly notice was given, and George, who was duly advised of the fact, became cheerful again; but as in the course of the day those gentlemen were waited upon by Sir Richard, who represented George's character as being most atrocious—describing him as the leader of a gang of ruffians, the prince of swindlers, and so on—they became so alarmed at the idea of being supposed to be in any way connected with such a person, that they immediately withdrew their names.

Bull, on being informed of this, offered to indemnify them; to place in their hands in fact, at once, the sum for which they were required to be bound; but that in their judgment was not the point; it was the thought of being associated with such a man; they considered their reputation to be at stake—their reputation, which they held, would be tarnished by such an association, if not indeed blasted for ever.

Bull, therefore, resolved to do all in his power to serve him whose innocence of the crime charged against him he knew, whom he regarded as a son, and to whom he became more attached in proportion as the virulence of his persecutors increased, sought two other friends, and having found them, sent in a fresh notice that day.

Upon these friends Sir Richard also called, but Bull had prepared them for his visit; he had prepared them to meet his misrepresentations with scorn, which they did, and being intelligent men, lectured him severely upon the infamous course he was pursuing; but he, nothing daunted, caused letters to be sent to the wives of these gentlemen, wherein George's character was painted so black, that tears and entreaties at length so unmanned them, that their names were also withdrawn.

Other friends were procured, and similar means were employed with success. Placards were posted all over the town, not only describing George as the most consummate villain, but setting forth the names of those who proposed to become his sureties, and concluding with—'These are the men—the respectable men—who are about to become his bail!—the bail of the Prince!—the prince of swindlers!' which had so powerful an effect, that at length Bull could not find a friend possessed of sufficient courage to come forward.

Such being the case, it of course became utterly useless to attempt to conceal the real state of things any longer from Julia. George, therefore, having been absent nearly five days, wrote to her, describing his position, explaining the cause, beseeching her not to feel in the slightest degree alarmed, and assuring her that the issue in his favor would be triumphant.

Bull was the bearer of this letter, and before he delivered it into her hands, he carefully prepared her to receive the contents. He explained the affair from first to last, entered into the whole of the minutiae of the transaction, and having brought all the collateral circumstances to bear upon the one great point, he assured her that there was nothing but a little inconvenience to be apprehended—nothing beyond that to fear.

This was done in the presence of Helen and

the curate. Bull thought it much better to put them at once in possession of the facts, and so distinctly were they explained to them, and so clearly did they see the base objects proposed, that they joined him in expressing the firmest conviction that such objects could not succeed.

Julia then read the letter. She was firmer, much firmer than might have been expected, although the tears flowed freely as she read.—Upon the honor of George she, of course, placed the fullest reliance: she knew him to be incapable of that of which he was accused, and had therefore no fear of the result; but the thought of his being thus cruelly persecuted—persecuted, too, by her father, whom he had been anxious to conciliate and to serve—afflicted her more than could the heaviest charge which malice itself had the power to prefer.

'Can I not see him?' she inquired calmly, after having been for some time buried in thought.

'Certainly!' replied Bull; 'oh, certainly.'

'Now?—to-day?'

'Why, I should, under the circumstances, advise you not to go before to-morrow.'

'But I may go to-day,' cried the curate, who was shocked beyond conception.

'Oh, yes,' replied Bull; 'we'll go together.'

'Do so, my good kind friends,' cried Julia.—

'And tell him that I am calm, and firm, quite firm. I would not,' she added with half-choked utterance, as a flood of tears gushed from her eyes, 'I would not have him think that I am not firm.'

Both Bull and the curate endeavored to console her; and having promised to return early in the evening, they hoped with good news, they took leave and proceeded direct to the prison.

It being now manifest to all that Sir Richard had resolved that George should not be bailed, although two men of straw had been accepted as security for Cavendish, who, in consequence regained his liberty the moment the forty-eight hours had expired, it was suggested that an application should be made to a judge at chambers for writs of habeas corpus and certiorari, whereby the proceedings might be removed into the Court of King's Bench, and George brought before the judge to have such bail fixed as the exigency of the case might appear to require.—George consented to this, and the necessary affidavits were made. A little delay was, however, unavoidable, it being the long vacation, and none of the judges were in town; but when at length one arrived, the case was taken before him without delay. Mr. Bounsom on the part of the prosecution, however, opposed the application, and having bought over Cavendish, who had sworn eternal friendship to George, produced a long affidavit made by that faithful creature, wherein he had sworn that the application for the removal was contrary to his inclination, inasmuch, as he would greatly prefer taking his trial at the sessions.

The judge, however, perceiving a strong development of vindictiveness on the part of the prosecution, ordered a sum of money to be lodged by George at the Crown Office, sufficient to

cover any extra expense that Mr. Cavendish might be put to by the removal, and granted the writs!—reducing the amount of bail for two sureties in £500 each, to two in £200 each, and proposed to take the bail on the Monday following at the house of a friend about twelve miles from town.

On the following Monday, George accompanied by one of the chief officers of the prison, his solicitor, Bull, and the wealthy friend whose bail had been in the first instance rejected, accordingly proceeded in a carriage to the house at which the judge was then staying. On their arrival, no one on the part of the prosecution appeared, and the justification was therefore postponed for an hour, at the expiration of which time a young barrister arrived with instructions not only to oppose the bail, but in setting forth the grounds of the opposition to occupy as much time as possible.

The object of this may at once be explained; Mr. Bounsom knowing the futility of attempting to trifle with a judge who would feel himself bound to accept the bail offered, recommended Sir Richard to prefer a bill of indictment for felony, in which Tynte might be charged with stealing the bills, and George with receiving them knowing them to have been stolen; and as the intermediate sessions at Clerkenwell commenced the very day on which the judge had proposed to take bail they had instructed the barrister to postpone the justification as long as possible, in order that in the interim a 'true bill' for felony might be found.

In pursuance of this instruction, the barrister in question was remarkably wordy: he explained, repeated, revised, submitted, suggested, and quoted with so much ingenuity, that although he had been at it for nearly two hours he appeared to be only commencing his address, when Bounsom and an officer arrived to inform his lordship that they had a warrant against the prisoner for felony.

The ingenious barrister at once finished his address, and as this was a case in which the judge could not of course interfere, he merely directed that the bail in the case of conspiracy, should be deemed to have justified in the event of a certain action, referred to by the barrister, having been settled—a certificate of which fact would be all that was necessary: and George, after dining with his friends on the road, returned in the evening with the officer, who had the most perfect confidence in him, to the prison.

In the morning it was ascertained that a true bill had been found, and that placards, offering 200*l.* reward for the apprehension of Tynte, had been posted in every part of the town. George, therefore, caused an immediate application to be made to the chairman of the sessions to fix the day for his trial, being anxious to meet the charge at once. This, however, was not the object of Sir Richard, who caused the motion to be opposed on the ground that certain parties, whose evidence was essential to the establishment of the case, had not yet been subpoenaed; the consequence of which was, that the court postponed the trial until the next sessions, but

consented on application, to take the same amount of bail as that which the chairman—not the judge—had fixed before. But the self-same vexatious opposition to the bail was offered in this as in the former case, the same vile means were employed to intimidate those who were anxious to come forward: the newspapers were had recourse to with the view of exciting a public prejudice against George, who had ascertained beyond doubt, that an intimacy had existed for years between Sir Richard and the chairman; and this, coupled with other valuable information, obtained from various quarters, induced the conviction that at the sessions a fair trial would be altogether out of the question.

He therefore drew up a long affidavit, in which he set forth the whole of the facts in justification of a motion to transfer his trial to the judges, on the grounds, first, that he could not have an impartial trial before the chairman of the sessions; and secondly, that as this case would necessarily involve some of the most important points of commercial law, it ought to be tried before the highest legal authorities in the realm.

Strange as it may appear, there was not a single barrister practising in that court who had sufficient courage to make this motion. The affidavit was offered to them all; but the whole of them declined on the ground that the disposition of the chairman was so tyrannous and vindictive, that their interests, if they opposed him, were sure to be injured.

Being resolved, notwithstanding, that the motion should be made, he caused himself to be taken into court, where he read the affidavit, and made the motion himself. It was opposed, of course, by the counsel engaged for the prosecution, and that conscientious gentlemen eulogised highly the worth and talent of the chairman—whom in his heart he despised while he indulged in the vilest abuse of George, whom he termed a felon, and applied many other opprobrious epithets—to the delight of the *honorable court*—and worked up his reply by announcing, that upon his honor the highest pleasure he ever experienced had been derived from a knowledge of the fact, that no gentleman practising in that court could be found to read the felon's affidavit, impugning as it did the immaculate purity and strict impartiality of the chairman, whose courtesy on all occasions he and the whole of his learned brethren, were so proud to acknowledge, and whose bright reputation the fetid breath of calumny had never before even attempted to dim.

George treated all this with contempt of course, and regarded the slave with the utmost scorn, while the 'learned brethren' trod upon each others' toes, and made up divers extraordinary faces in order to intimidate privately that they thought it excessively rich; but the heart of the chairman approved of it all, and having smiled with the utmost satisfaction with the view of conveying the idea of its being all received, he proceeded to announce that the trial should not be removed, that no legal points could by any possibility arise that he was not perfectly com-

petent to decide; and that as this motion had been made—assuming as it did the probability of his mind being prejudiced against the prisoner—he had firmly resolved not to accept bail at all. This was a great point for Sir Richard, who left the court with a fiendlike smile, and George was at once taken back to the New Prison.

It will be necessary now to return to Tynte; and it may, in the first place, be stated that, after having so narrowly escaped being captured by Fred in the hole or well called Mutton-hill, he remained concealed until night, when muffled up to the eyes, he proceeded westward, being resolved to remain in town for the purpose of embracing the earliest opportunity of wreaking vengeance upon Joseph, whose treachery to him had now become so glaring.

There are in various parts of London certain private hotels at which men may reside in concealment for years without the slightest chance of their retreat being discovered, and which possess all the advantages of public hotels, while the proprietors, being aware that secrecy is the object of their patrons, as a matter of interest study to promote that object by all the means at their command.

To one of these hotels in the vicinity of the Edgeware-road, Tynte repaired, and having sufficiently reflected upon the scheme conceived by Joseph for the destruction of both George and himself, he, shuddering at the idea of that scheme being successful as far as he was concerned, and having the most perfect confidence in George's firmness and talent, thought the wisest and safest plan would be to open a correspondence with him at once.

He accordingly sent for an old man upon whose prudence and faith he had been in the habit of relying for years without the smallest apprehension of being betrayed, and having explained to him the necessity for observing the utmost caution, commissioned him to deliver a letter to George, in which he minutely described every circumstance connected with his scheme, and warned George against his attorney, whom he knew to be in daily communication with Sir Richard Bounson.

This letter—albeit he was not much amazed at its contents—George held to be highly important. It made him master of the whole case—placed every fact clearly before him: he saw it all, all that he had before suspected was now plainly proved.

Instigated, therefore of treating Tynte, heartless villain as he was, with contempt, he returned a short note in which he acknowledged the receipt of his letter, and requested him to send any other information he had the power to impart.

Situated as he then was, and considering the iniquitous scheme which had been conceived solely with a view to his ruin, George felt himself justified in holding communication even with such a man as Tynte, who from time to time sent him important information, and who really appeared to be most anxious to render him all the assistance in his power.

Thus armed at all points to meet the charge, George set to work in earnest to prepare his de-

fence; he made a note of every fact, and having firmly resolved that nothing either directly or collaterally bearing upon the case should be concealed, awaited his trial in the perfect conviction that his innocence would be triumphantly established, while infamy would light upon the heads of those who had thus sought to compass his ruin.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

JULIA'S LAST INTERVIEW WITH HER FATHER.

Notwithstanding the earnest assurances of George that he must be triumphant, that truth must prevail, and that he should return to his happy home with a character unstained, Julia, having a woman's heart, inspired all a woman's fears.

She had visited George daily—the governor, who was an extremely considerate man, having removed him to the infirmary, in which their interviews took place—she had become quite conversant with the bearings of the whole transaction; and not only felt sure that he was innocent of the charge alleged against him, but that he possessed sufficient talent to make that innocence appear. Still she feared that some accident might happen, that something unforeseen might occur to prevent him from establishing his case before the court, and in these apprehensions she was joined by his deeply afflicted mother, who on hearing of the circumstance had hastened up to town.

The curate, too, who passed three days in each week with them, dreaded the approach of the day of trial; not that he entertained the slightest idea of the possibility of George being found guilty, but because it was one of his favorite maxims that the wicked will prevail for a time, though the righteous are sure to prosper in the end.

'I have been thinking,' said he to Julian, when the sessions were at hand, 'of a proceeding which may possibly tend to induce Sir Richard to carry his vindictiveness against Mr. Julian no farther.'

'Would to Heaven!' exclaimed Julia fervently, 'that he could be induced to rest satisfied with the injury he has already inflicted; but I fear that he is inexorable.'

'It strikes me,' rejoined the curate, 'that that which I am about to propose will have a tendency to move him.'

'What is it?' cried Julia. 'Is it anything that I can do? What do you propose?'

'I'll explain. Mrs. Julian: your father is a man, and being a man he must of necessity have the heart of a man within his breast. It is manifest, therefore, that if that heart be touched, and touched it must be if an appeal to it be properly made, it must feel.'

Julia sighed.

'Now suppose,' continued the curate, 'suppose that you and I were to call upon him quietly, with the view of representing the real facts of the case as they stand, don't you think—I merely ask you—don't you think, that he would listen to us calmly, and argue the point?'

'I fear not,' replied Julia. 'But if you think

it probable—nay, if you think it even possible to prevail upon him to do so, pray let us without delay make the attempt. Do you *think* that he can be persuaded?

‘Why, I cannot exactly conceive a state of mind into which it is impossible for conviction to enter!’

‘But conviction has entered: unhappily his mind is filled with the conviction that George has wronged him!’

‘Then that conviction must be removed. His mind must be disabused. It is abundantly clear that he has been led to believe that Mr. Julian is really the guilty man; it is therefore high time to make him acquainted with the real facts, that his eyes may be opened to see where the guilt in reality lies.’

‘Do you then think that his mind has been abused?—that he *has* been proceeding in ignorance?’

‘No doubt of it!—I have no doubt in the world! He either knows the real character of Mr. Julian, or does not. If he does, he cannot suppose him to be guilty; whereas, if he does not, the very fact of his supposing him to be guilty, sufficiently proves that he has been on the subject deluded. My firm impression is, that he doesn’t know the facts of the case, and that as, we do, it is our duty to explain them.’

‘Heaven grant that he may hear them explained! Is there a hope that he will?’

‘Why should he not? If there be one thing which men detest more than any other, it is deception when practised upon themselves, and I know of nothing which men are more ready to repudiate when proved. Let us therefore go and tell him at once that he is deceived: let us give him a history of the deception; let us prove to him that he is but the dupe of a d-signing wicked man, and I have not the slightest fear of the result.’

‘But George—will he consent to our going?’

‘Let us go without naming the subject to him?’

‘I have never yet taken any step of importance without obtaining his consent?’

‘My dear madam, allow me to take the responsibility upon myself.’

‘But can it possibly injure him if we should fail?’

‘Most decidedly not. But my firm impression is, that we shall not fail. I am exceedingly sanguine of success. I feel convinced that he will clearly see the error into which he has been led, and to be anxious to make all the reparation in his power.’

‘We will go then; we’ll go this very day—nay, at once. If we can but convince him that he has been on the subject of dear George’s character deceived, I shall be happy.’

‘Be assured that of that we shall convince him, and that a reconciliation will immediately follow. But go and prepare: let us lose no time; be sure that we shall be successful.’

Julia then left the room, and soon after returned with Mrs. Julian, senior, who had earnestly begged to be allowed to accompany them, and as no objection was offered, they proceeded to-

gether to the house at which Sir Richard was staying.

On their arrival, having learned that Sir Richard was within, the curate sent up his card; when the servant had been desired to show him up, he and the ladies were ushered into the room in which Sir Richard was sitting.

The very moment they entered, he rose, not indeed as a matter of courtesy, but with a withering scowl which seemed to intimate that their visit had amazed him.

‘You here!’ he cried. ‘How dare you thus force yourself into my presence.’

‘My dear sir, I beg pardon,’ said the curate; ‘but I sent up my card.’

‘I know you did; but how could I tell by your card who you were? What do you want?’

‘I came accompanied by your child—’

‘Child!—my child!—I have no child: I long ago disowned her. But I suppose that she has been sent to beg for mercy by her husband the felon!’

‘He is no felon, father,’ returned Julia, in solemn touching tones.

‘He is a fellow! Have you *not* then been sent to beg for mercy?’

‘No.’

‘Why then are you here?’

‘To convince you, father, if possible, that you have been deceived.’

‘Of that I am already convinced. I *have* been deceived: I well know it.’

‘But you knew not by whom. Father!—dear father!—let me explain.’

‘I want no explanation!—I’ll have none.—Go!—return to the gaol!—to your husband the felon!’

‘Indeed, dear father, you wrong him: you wrong yourself.—Father!—pray let me explain! I am convinced that you will be sorry when you find that you have been led into error.’

‘Silence!—I’ll not hear another word from you!’

‘Then let me assure you,’ said the curate, ‘that your mind has been abused.’

‘What do you know about it?’

‘More—I solemnly declare to you, much more than has come to your knowledge.’

‘Then keep it to yourself. I know enough!’

‘Not for your own peace of mind hereafter. Again let me assure you, upon my honor, that you are deceived.’

‘By whom?’

‘By him who has prompted you to pursue this course.’

‘My own heart prompted me; what do you mean?’

‘Were you not induced to take this step by Joseph Broadbridge?’

‘We!—And what then?’

‘I can show that he it was who suggested the scheme for obtaining those bills of exchange.’

‘Indeed. And you would like me to believe it? But if even you can show this, will that prove the felon’s innocence.’

‘I am here prepared to prove it—’

‘Let him prove it himself on the day of trial. That day will soon be here!—he need not be

impatient—the proof will keep! Let him prove it himself.

‘But surely if it be proved now to your satisfaction, you will not think of going to trial?’

‘Oh, that’s it, is it?—I thought it would come out at last. So he begins to be afraid to take his trial?’

‘No, he is not afraid.’

‘Then why has he sent you here with a lie in your mouth to induce me to let him escape?’

‘He did not send me here.’

‘I don’t believe a word of it.’

‘He doesn’t even know of my coming.’

‘I tell you again I don’t believe a word of it. You know that you were sent: you know that this lie about Broadbridge was hatched expressly in order to persuade me to let the felon off!’

‘I do assure you by all that is sacred—’

‘It won’t do, I tell you! You are mistaken in your man. I have caught him on the hip, and he shall not escape. He shall have no mercy from me. If there’s law in the land I’ll transport him, and the sooner society is rid of him the better.’

‘But will you not let me explain calmly?’—consider—

‘I have considered! I know the man with whom I have to deal: I know him to be the Prince of Swindlers!’

‘Indeed you are mistaken,’ said Mrs Julian, who could no longer repress her indignation; ‘my son is no swindler; he is as honorable—’

‘Hold your tongue, woman!—how dare you talk to me!’

‘I have a mother’s feelings, sir—’

‘For Heaven’s sake, be silent!’ cried Julia.—‘Father!’ she added, ‘for although you cast me off, I must call you father still—as I hope for mercy from Him to whom all hearts are open, he is innocent! Oh, let me prove to you—’

‘Silence! I have had enough of you. And now leave the house all of you.’

‘But shall I,’ said the curate, ‘call when you are more at leisure?’

‘No! never let me see you again.’

‘But I should like to have some talk with you on the subject quietly.’

‘Keep your talk to yourself, or talk to those who will hear you: I want none of your talk.’

‘But may I not call?’

‘No, I tell you! If I catch you in this house again, I’ll have you kicked into the street.’

The curate was so utterly shocked at this, that as Sir Richard stood with the door in his hand, he walked out without saying another word, and when Julia’s last appeal had been contemptuously spurned, and Mrs Julian’s indignant epithet ‘monster’ had been answered by the drawing-room door being violently closed, they left the house with mingled feelings of sadness and disgust.

‘God forgive him!’ exclaimed the curate, as he turned from the door.

‘Did you ever in all your life see such a brute?’ cried Mrs Julian.

‘God forgive him!’ the curate repeated, and then turning his attention to Julia, who felt sick at heart, he endeavored to raise her spirits, and to reinspire her with hope. ‘We are,’ said he, ‘but in the same position as before, and although our appeal to him as been unsuccessful, its failure should not induce despair. I am as sanguine as ever of the triumphant acquittal of Mr. Julian; I feel perfectly sure that his cause, being that of truth and justice, will prevail; and although it would have been a happy thing had we succeeded in saving him from the ordeal of a public trial, nothing has transpired to shake my conviction that that ordeal will be successfully passed.’

Julia felt, when the appeal to her father had been rejected, as if the fate of him whom she loved more fondly than ever had been sealed; but this feeling was soon subdued by the reasoning of the curate, at whose suggestion it was eventually decided that, until after the trial, George should not know that the appeal had been made.

LINES

On the death of Miss Lucy Hooper, who died at Brooklyn, N. Y., August 1, 1841, aged 24 years.

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

And thou art gone! sweet daughter of the lyre,
Whose strains we hoped to hear thee waken long;
Gone—as the stars in morning’s light expire,
Gone like the rapture of a passing song;
Gone from a circle who thy gifts have cherished,
With genial fondness and devoted care,
Whose dearest hopes, with thee have sadly perished,
And now can find no solace but in prayer;
Prayer to be like thee, in so meekly bearing
Both joy and sorrow from thy Maker’s hand;
Prayer to put on the white robes thou art wearing,
And join thy anthem in the better land.
Boston, Aug. 5th, 1841.

SONNET.

BY HON. MRS. NORTON.

Like an enfranchised bird, who wildly springs,
With a keen sparkle in his glancing eye
And a strong effort in his quivering wings,
Up to the blue vault of the happy sky,—
So my enamored heart, so long thine own,
At length from Love’s imprisonment set free,
Goes forth into the open world alone,
Glad and exulting in its liberty:
But like that helpless bird, (confined so long,
His weary wings have lost all power to soar,)—
Who soon forgets to trill his joyous song,
And, feebly fluttering, sinks to earth once more,—
So, from its former bonds released in vain,
My heart still feels the weight of that remember’d chain.

THE JEWS IN SPAIN.

'SEPHARDIM, or the history of the Jews in Spain and Portugal,' is the title of a work published a few weeks since in London, which we should be pleased to see reprinted in this country. It is by Mr. James Finn, a scholar and a man of benevolent mind; and we doubt not is the most interesting and correctly written history of the Hebrews in Spain and Portugal which has appeared in our language.

The *Sephardim*, or Jews of Spanish and Portuguese descent, trace up their history to the remotest period. At Murviedro, the ancient Saguntum, they even profess to have discovered the sepulchral monument of 'Adoniram, the servant of King Solomon;' whence very learned writers (such as Villalpando, the Jesuit) have confidently inferred, that in those high and palmy days of the house of Israel a colony was settled in the far western peninsula, to collect precious metals for the construction and service of the temple. It is far more certain that upon the destruction of the second temple and the final overthrow of the Jewish polity, numbers of this unhappy race found their way to Spain. The Council of Elvira, A. D. 324, recognizes the Jews as a large portion of the community. At the third Council of Toledo, A. D. 589, they had become the objects of national dislike; and henceforward their history in Spain is marked by the two features, which for ages past have distinguished them as the monuments of God's righteous vengeance on the one hand, and of his yet unaccomplished purposes of mercy on the other. They were degraded, persecuted, massacred; yet still they continued to exist.—They felt every variety of human wretchedness; but under this fearful discipline they still flourished. Every wind of heaven blasted the tree, and the hard rock refused all nourishment to its roots beneath, yet fresh and vigorous roots appeared whenever the tempest was stilled into a transient quiet. The tree 'grew up night and day, men know not how.'

It was during a few sunny gleams thus cast upon it during the 12th and 13th centuries that the Jewish race in Spain assumed a high station in the literature of the civilized world. It has been said, with truth, that 'we have never yet repaid our debt of grateful acknowledgment to

the illustrations Hebrew schools of Cordova, Seville, and Granada.

Amongst the greatest of their teachers was the celebrated Moses Var Maimon, or Maimonides, born at Cordova, A. D., 1131. Not only Jews, but Christian scholars of the greatest repute have done homage to his memory. 'From Moses to Moses,' say the Rabins proverbially, 'there never rose one like unto Moses.' He died in Egypt at the age of 70, and was buried in the land of Israel, and the year in which he died was called *Lamentum Lamentabile*.

'In the city of Jerusalem a fast was proclaimed in every synagogue, with Scriptural portions for the day's reading, ending with the words, 'The ark of the Lord is taken.' The Mahomedans also fasted and bewailed his loss, and accompanied his bier in large crowds for two days of its progress to the Holy Land. He was interred at Tiberias, or, as some say, at Hebron. So eminent a man may have miracles attributed to him after death, as well as the Popish saints; accordingly it is said, that the procession was attacked by robbers, that the bearers forsook their charge, and the thieves, finding it to be only a funeral party, were for throwing the corpse into the sea; but suddenly the coffin became so heavy, that 30 men were not sufficient to lift it. Hereupon they contented themselves with stripping the body of its phylacteries and garments of fringes, and even these they afterwards bestowed on a passing stranger.' His great work, the *Moreh Novochin*, or *Guide of the Perplexed*, has received great applause from theologians both of the church and synagogue. It was originally published in Arabic, but shortly translated into Hebrew by Rabbi Tybbon, to whose edition was added in the last century the triple Rabbinical commentaries of R. R., Shem, Job, Ephodæus, and Karshakas. It was translated into Latin in 1520 by Justinian, and by the younger Buxtorf in 1629. Bishop Patrick in his commentary has made large use of it; and a considerable part of the whole work was published in England by Dr. James Townley in 1827. It is certainly a remarkable work, taking into consideration the circumstances of the writer, and the age in which he lived. 'Its doctrines,' says Mr. Finn, 'threw all the synagogues into consternation and division. Such an expurgation of Judaism

from the legends of the Talmud, and such an effort to induce his people to use the common sense of general mankind in connexion with revealed truth, could not fail to arouse the bigotry of the old school of Rabbinites. At Montpellier, Rabbi Solomon and his friends excommunicated all who should read the 'Moreh,' and burned the books in the market-place. At Narbonne, the Rabbis took the opposite determination, and retaliated the excommunication. The former appealed to all the French synagogues for support which was given in 1832.

The London Times thinks Mr Finn is scarcely acquainted with the work in question, or he would not have given it his unqualified approbation, nor have described the opposing Rabbis in the mass of men 'who still battled for the sacred authority of all the accumulated nonsense of dotard sages, abhorring all the profane research of human reason;' or 'that another such a stride would emancipate the people from most of the Rabbinic shackles by which free investigation is impeded or punished.' It appears to us, says that paper, that Maimonides endeavors to meet the superstitions of the Rabbis by setting up in their place a system of neology. The burden of his argument is, that the Mosaic institutes had their basis in 'the fitness of things'—in a certain adaptation to the wants, conveniences of the people; but he sees in them no 'shadows of better things to come,' no adumbrations of a spiritual law which was 'holy and just and good;' no types of the Great Deliverer, the promised Christ. He presents a bald cold system of symbolic morality, gathered from the law of Moses; and that is all. To describe this as an overthrow of Rabbinism, or a reform of the synagogue, is about as just as to speak of Socinianism in the light of an improvement upon Popery, or German neologianism as an advance upon the crude fancies of some of our otherwise orthodox divines. It is, in fact, the displacing of one set of errors by the introduction of another, more specious, and no less perilous to the soul.

Benjamin of Tudela was another celebrated Rabbi of the same period. He died A. D. 1173. To us of modern times he is chiefly known by his *Book of Travels*, in which he professes to record the condition of the Jews in various parts of the world. But the fidelity of his narrations is often questionable; indeed, it has been disputed with more warmth than the question

would seem to merit, whether Benjamin of Tudela was a veritable traveller, or a dealer in romance and fiction. Dr. E. D. Clarke and Basnage espouse the latter opinion, while Gibbon inclines to the former. He gives a marvellous account of the power and splendor of the Jews at Bagdad. Here, he tells us, resides the 'Prince of the Captivity,' whom the King (of Persia, we presume) installs into office by the imposition of hands, after which he is conveyed to his palace in the chariot of the King's First Minister, with the sound of martial music. This renowned personage traces his genealogy as far as King David. The Jews style him 'our Lord,' or 'Prince of the Captivity,' and the Mahometans, 'our Lord the son of David.' All persons are commanded to rise up in his presence under the penalty of 100 lashes; and he is represented as supreme in his jurisdiction over the Jews in the Eastern countries. Mr. Finn argues that this strange story is not incredible.

But we must turn to other scenes—scenes more in accordance with the history of the house of Israel since their dispersion among the Gentiles. In the fifteenth century the Inquisition arrayed itself in all its terrors, and that Spain, at least, should be free from the profanation of a Jewish heretic. The decree was rigidly enforced; and once more the prophecy was fulfilled in which Moses had foretold the sorrows of his people should they turn from God:—'The Lord shall scatter thee among all people, from the one end of the earth even to the other—and among these nations thou shalt find no ease, neither shall the sole of thy foot have rest; but the Lord shall give thee there a trembling heart, and failing eyes, and sorrow of mind. And thy life shall hang in doubt before thee, and thou shalt fear day and night.' Mr. Finn observes (and no Christian man will quarrel with the remark, as if it were a superstitious one), that the judgments of Heaven have evidently rested upon Spain ever since these atrocious cruelties were perpetrated. For, though in individual cases it would be presumptuous to judge of the dispensations of Providence, and the anomalies of this world are frequently left to be rectified by a future retribution, nations, as such, have no *after existence*, and therefore God's dealings must necessarily be exhibited, if at all, in the present scene of things. 'Speedily,' he says, 'after the expatriation of the

Jews, and during the hottest reign of the Inquisition, the vaunted royal descent, both in Spain and Portugal, became extinct; and in the former of these, a succession of mad or idiotic sovereigns has tended greatly to bring monarchy itself into a laughing-stock for the infidel and the republican. Reverses in connected sequence have shown the hollowness of that empire upon which the sun could not set: the colonies one by one have vanished; Naples and the Netherlands have been lost; the population of the peninsula, which in the 9th century was 40,000,000, is now reduced to between 10,000,000 and 11,000,000; that of Toledo is dwindled from 200,000 to 20,000; the national politics are distracted between the democracy with its fiercer Tragala, and the bigotry of the middle-age Camarillas, each party so lately rivalling the other in cold unflinching butchery; the realm is bankrupt, without a navy, and left naked to her enemies, a reproach for every passer by.' Mr. Finn thus relates the story of the cruel expulsion of the Jews from Spain:—

'The decree was signed March, 1492, that in four months every Jew, native or sojourner, should quit the realms of Arragon, Castile, and Granada, never more to return, under penalty of death and confiscation of goods; and the justice of the Inquisition was denounced against all who should harbor or conceal a Jew after that time. All property might be carried with them, but not in the substance of gold or silver, or the other articles usually forbidden to be removed from Spain. Bills of exchange might be taken instead of plate, jewels or coin. But this indulgence sounds better than was realized by the event; for as the time approached for their departure the property to be sold exceeded the demand, the most wary purchasers reserving their offers to the last extremity of the helpless victims, who then were glad, it is said, to barter a house for an ass, or a vineyard for a few yards of linen cloth. Many of the Jews abstained from selling, hoping to the last moment that some favorable change would intervene to prevent the final catastrophe; but they were deceived, for Torquemada, the Inquisitor-General (whose extended titles Zurita rehearses with pompous delight, and whom some Protestants have denominated the first-born of Hell), hearing that the wealthiest Jews had attempted to divert the purpose of the court by a bribe of 600,000 crowns, Thomas Torquemada, like Thomas Becket of old, rushed into the presence and upbraided the sovereigns for their half-inclination to sell their Saviour to the Jews for pieces of silver. He issued an edict by his own authority, prohibiting all traffic with Jews, for a term considerably within that of their banishment by the royal proclamation; and thus incalculably multiplied the losses to which they were previously liable.—As the term drew near, the as-

cendant party must have regarded the harassed Jew with such a burning intensity of assured victory, as the hawk feels while fluttering fixedly above his prey. The resources of baptism remained, subject however to the vigilance of the holy office, and many yielded to the powerful temptation; but the end of July saw multitudes of noble-minded Israelites forsake their houses, their fathers' graves, and all their old associations of infancy and ancestry, to wander they knew not whither, with a dignified triumph of passive courage! Zurita reckons their number at 170,000; Cardoso at 120,000; Miguel de Barrios and Mariana at 800,000; and it is said, that notwithstanding all their losses in the breaking up of their property, they carried off 30,000,000 ducats. Abarbane's narration, in his preface to the book of Kings, deserves attention and sympathy:—'When the royal proclamation was announced, I was at court, and wearied myself to frenzy in imploring compassion. Thrice on my knees I besought the King, 'Regard us, O King; use not thy subjects with so much cruelty; rather exact from us our gold and silver vessels, or abundant gifts, even all that every Jew possesses, if he may still abide in his country.' I entreated likewise my friends, the King's officers, to allay his indignation against my people. I implored the councillors to advise the King, each in his turn, to recall the decree. But as the adder closes her ear with dust against the voice of the charmer, so the King hardened his heart against the prayers of his suppliants, and declared that he would not revoke his edict to gain all the wealth of all the Jews. At his right hand was the Queen, the Jew's enemy, urging him with an angry voice to pursue what he had so happily commenced. We exhausted all our power for the removal of the King's sentence; but there was no wisdom nor hold remaining. Our nation, whenever the decree had been proclaimed, or its fame had spread, bewailed their condition with a great wailing. Tossed in these fearful billows they exhorted and confirmed the minds of each other. Whatever befalls, let us surmount every calamity for the honor of our nation and our religion by a brave endurance; let us defend these from the hateful persecutors. If they leave us our life, we will live; if they take it from us, we will die. But never let us violate our holy law, the fulness of our affections, or the counsel of wisdom. Oh, rather (and may God turn it all to good) let us abandon our settlements, and seek for homes elsewhere. Thus excited; there departed in one day 300,000 on foot and unarmed, collected from every province: the young and the old, infants and women, all ready to go in any direction. Of that number was I; and with God for our leader we set out.'

Of the refugees, some found a home, on the payment of a heavy fine, in Portugal; others, in vast numbers, fled to Morocco, Italy, and Greece. Their sufferings during these voyages are said to have been horrible. One ship's crew were about to murder their Jewish passengers,

to avenge, as they said, the death of Jesus Christ; but a Christian merchant on board reminded them that Christ died to save the world, and therefore his death was a blessing to mankind. At Fez the inhabitants closed the gates against the hated crowd, and left them to perish of hunger and a scorching sun. At Salee, the crew of a large ship, a slaver in those days enticed 150 Jewish children on board with morsels of bread (sad evidence of the misery of their state), and sold them at some distant port. Of those who sought an asylum in Europe, some arrived already infected with the pestilence at Naples, others at Genoa, and some made their way to Rome. But wherever they turned, every face scowled on them. But the bitterest cup was reserved for them at Rome; where their own brethren, the Jews of the Ghetto, alarmed by the influx of so many of their nation, who might share their gains and hurt their traffic, offered Pope Alexander a present of 1,000 ducats to forbid the arrival of the strangers. Alexander was indignant at the proposal, and threatened to expel the native Jews in order to make room for the strangers, who were then admitted by their brethren; and the latter made their peace with the Pope by a present of 2,000 ducats.

The heart sickens at these recitals, and yet they give but a meagre outline of the sufferings of the ancient people of God. Turn where we may, the scene soon or late lowers in outrage and darkness into murder. Thus in Portugal a massacre takes place, and instantly thousands are committed to the flames or lie weltering in

their blood. Wherever its power extended, the Inquisition, like a famished hound, fixed its remorseless fangs upon the sons of Israel, and that *auto da fe* was supposed to be doubly welcome to heaven which carried up the shrieks of some tortured Jew. The Jews, Mr. Finn tells us, preserve a catalogue of the sufferers, the martyrs of their faith, whom this Moloch has sacrificed, and horrible are its details. One, for example, is burned, with a bridle in his mouth, for having renounced his Christianity, having, no doubt, first embraced it through fear. Another is tortured and burned for stealing a silver pix; the guilty person, himself a witness of the execution, being afterwards discovered. At Madrid a whole family are committed to the flames for having scourged a crucifix till the Christ upon it bleed profusely and remonstrated with them for their cruelty; one is accused of killing a girl for the sake of her blood, which he wanted to mingle with the Passover biscuit; and, to crown the list, nineteen were burned at Madrid, in 1680, to celebrate the entry of the new Queen.

In Great Britain we rejoice to perceive that a better spirit has arisen. The kindly and respectful feelings which every day gain strength with reference to the Jews, to the Christians are honorable, and to the Jews themselves they may perhaps be productive of the highest good. At least, they will read our Scriptures of the New Testament with abated prejudice, just as they are led to feel that Christians behave to them with kindness and respect.

ROBERT MORRIS, ESQ., OF PHILADELPHIA, And his Poetry.

MR. ROBERT MORRIS, editor of the *Pennsylvania Inquirer and Courier*, has been connected with the press from his minority up to the present time, a period of more than ten years. He is a native of Philadelphia, is the eldest son of Captain Robert Morris, who died several years since at Bordeaux, France, as well from the effects of injuries experienced while confined as an American prisoner of war at Dartmoor, as from exposure and illness produced by a collision at sea, during a midnight storm, and while he was in command of the ship *Thalia*. The son, the subject of our notice, was originally in-

tended for the medical profession, and with this view, as a preliminary step, he was engaged during several years of his boyhood, in acquiring a knowledge of the drug business. While so employed, he cultivated a taste for literary pursuits and studies, and at the age of twenty, became connected with the publication of the *Philadelphia Album*, a weekly periodical on the plan of the *New York Mirror*, which he edited with ability and success for several years. During this period he wrote much that served to win for him not only the character of a ready and vigorous prose writer, but of a poet of the

most decided excellence. His earliest prose effort intended for the press, was entitled 'A Dream of Heaven,' and obtained a prize from the publishers of the Saturday Evening Post. It was copied far and wide at the time, and although unfinished and defective in point of style, it contained many beauties of thought and fancy that elicited the warmest eulogiums. He subsequently, though still a minor, wrote a series of stories, entitled 'Sketches of Roseville.'—These extended in number to twenty or thirty, obtained much popularity, and some of them, even now, are travelling anonymously through the American newspapers. The 'Idiot Beauty,' and 'Roy Reckless,' are remembered by us as efforts of no common kind. These were especial favorites with many of the readers of the light literature of that day. The early poetic contributions of Mr. Morris were also widely circulated and favorably spoken of. We regret that our limits prevent us from giving extracts to any considerable extent. The following passage is from some lines to Hesperus:—

'Thou wert before mortality, the same
In thy primeval eminence as now,
An isle of light 'mid heaven's mysterious main,
A burning gem upon some angel brow.
Nor y has parted from thy golden sphere,
But all unchanged thou art, as at the dawn,
When Eden smiled in jay, a world without a tear.'

Mr. Morris has obtained a number of premiums for addresses written for dramatic festivals and other occasions, and for poems and prose sketches for literary journals. For the last ten years he has been connected with the daily press of Philadelphia; and the well and ably filled columns of the Pennsylvania Inquirer, a journal for which his efforts have secured an influence and a circulation truly enviable, testify in a most satisfactory manner, the character of his more recent pursuits. He has been very careless of literary reputation; being one of those who believe that to be constantly before the public, is not the most enviable position for one who loves a quiet mind, and who understands the true philosophy of contentment. His last effort in the way of a poem, is 'The Past and the Future,' recently delivered before the William Wirt Institute, in Philadelphia. The following brief extracts will afford the reader some idea of its character.

The Greek—the noble Greek—oh! who may guess
The wretched remnant of that gifted race,
Or see, in pirate bands and Oth's Swiss,
The blood that died the waves of Salamis!
Who, in the sordid soul and scowling eyes
Detect the sons of proud Themistocles;
Or dream the people now so spirit-crushed,

Are of the soil of Marathon—where gushed,
In jetting streams, the life-blood of the brave,
Who rushed to glory's consecrated grave.

'Tis done—the story of her pride and power
Is of the things that have been—her high hour
Of might and majesty has long gone by,
And sunset lingers in her darkened sky!
But still she lives—the virtuous and the just—
No shaft of death can level with the dust;
Her deeds will glitter in th' eternal sky,
And live and shine amid the things on high.
Aristides, the just, the patriot brave,
Who, for their country, sought a bloody grave,
With Sparta's king,—and he who, as he fell,
Heard victory's peal,—and cried, 'then all is well!'
Ay—these shall live while valor has a name,
Or earth a voice to peal the trump of fame!
But think you not, when from his bleeding breast

The Theban hero drew the javelin out—
When, as he yielded up his soul to rest,
And thrilled upon his ear the victor shout,
He turned upon his childless life and said:
'Leuctra, Mantinea, shield my name.'
No golden vision hovered round his head,
And in the Future blazon'd bliss and fame!
So, think you not, when he who first brought down,
From her bright place among the worlds above,
The clear-eyed being who, with moral crown,
Taught man to look to Heaven with hope and love—
The Christian Greek, the virtuous Socrates—
Oh! think you not that when he read his doom,
And drank with steady lip the deadly lees,
He saw no world above—beyond the tomb?—
Yes—when his manly form to pain was given,
His soul was passing for its flight to Heaven!

Kepler and Galileo! minds divine,
That soared on eagles' wings above the stars—
And saw new worlds around each other shine;
Night-loving Venus and revolving Mars,—
The golden lights that form the milky way,
The burning zone upon the brow of night,
The mellow Moon—the blazing orb of day—
And many a dim and distant satellite.
How mean was man—how vain was mortal life—
To souls so far above the throng below—
On—on—the spirit soared, it lost in thought,
And warmed with meditation's earnest glow,
The earth—the vain, dull earth—a faint spark seemed,
Amid the orbs that met the dazzled eye,
A dim light glimmering where ten thousand beamed,
And blazed and beautified creation's sky!
What reck'd they for the torture and the rack,
For bigot vengeance and a shortened span;
They gazed along the Future's golden track,
And worshipped God throughout his mighty plan.
They saw—before to mortal eyes concealed—
Orb around orb in beauteous order pass;
Star after star came forth and stood revealed,
As Science upward turned her magic glass.
They saw a power Supreme—a source on high—
A world on world creating Deity!
And thus when bent with age the Florentine
Felt death's cold tremors in his sightless eyes,
How radiant burst upon his soul the scene
Of twice ten thousand stars amid the skies,
And each a lamp that brightened Paradise.

THE PRAYER OF THE BETROTHED.

Father and God! to whom the thoughts
Of every human breast are known,
Eternal—Vast—Omnipotent!
Worlds are but footstools to thy throne!
Amid the peans of the host—
The shouts of joy—the peals of praise—
The breath of bliss from seraph lips—

The songs that cherub voices raise—
Oh! deign to bend a listening ear—
A child of earth consent to hear!

Forgive, if I too fondly cling
To one—a thing of dust I know,
And yet in thy bright Image made—
High heart, free soul, and manly brow—
Forgive, Great Judge, that even now,
When I would turn my thought above,
I reel upon my cheek the glow.
And in my breast the fire of love!
Forgive, that while I bow, I feel
A woman's weakness on me steal!

Alas! how vain! and yet to Thee
Why need I each fond thought disclose?
Without Thy aid no star could shine,
No hue could beautify the rose.—
Great Architect of myriad worlds,
Thou knowest all we feign or feel—
Each shallow thought—each empty dream—
Then why this simple heart reveal?
The hopes that bud—the joys that bloom—
Thou know'st them all, their date and doom!
Thou know'st the Future! as the Past
Its chequered scenes are spread before Thee—
Fate's arrow quivering in the heart—
Youth's sunny dream, and manhood's story—
The flower-crowned bride, and the bier—
Spring's golden light, and winter's even—
The cloud that's meant to shadow here—
The shaft that wings the soul to Heaven—
The breeze that bears a fatal breath,
And wanconsumption's subtle death!

My present path seems strewn with flowers,
And bright blue skies are bending o'er me,
While Hope points to the coming hours,
And whispers, 'Bliss is now before thee!'—
And is it so? At times I feel
A fearful chill upon my spirit,
And dream of broken hopes and pangs—
The woe that all our kind inherit—
Father and God! oh, be to me
A guide on life's tempestuous sea.

Without Thee, none could live or move;
The sun from its high place would fall,
With all the spheres that shine above
As lamps, to light this earthly ball.
Planet and star, and glittering orb,
Far distant hung amid the air,
Attest the Universal God,
The power that made and placed them there;
And yet Great Source, how mean a thing
May nestle under thy wide wing!

Thou art the all Eternal One,
The soul of nature and of heaven;
The eye, the ear, the mind of man,
All speak of Thee and blessing given.
Without Thee, who could raise a hand,
Or hear the thunder's loudest peal—
Or tell when morning's rosy light
Along the east began to steal?
Thou art the spirit of the whole,
The all-pervading source and soul!

Thou know'st my heart—its hopes and fears—
Its tumults wild—its plighted faith—
The flame that burns within its depths.
Oh! keep it pure and true till death!
And that heart's idol—may he prove
All that my fancy pictures now,
A being meant and formed for love—
No stain upon his soul or brow—
Then, then kind Heaven, this life will be
A path that upwards leads to Thee!

NATURE.

'Nature,
That formed this world, so beautiful, that spread
Earth's lap with plenty, and life's smallest chord
Strung to unchanging unison, that gave
The happy birds their dwelling in the grove,
That yielded to the wardens of the deep,
The lowly silence of the unthorned vine,
And filled the meanest worm that crawls in dust,
With spirit, thought, and love.'

T. B. SHELLEY.

Heaven's earliest born and still unsullied child,
Whose smile is morning and whose frown is night,
Arise and whose brow Earth's earliest roses smiled—
THINE was the glow of beauty—THINE the light
That beamed o'er Paradise, when Woman there,
Fresh from her Maker's hand—a faultless thing—
With dove-like eyes, and shadowy golden hair,
From grovelling beast, or bird on wireless wing,
Won homage as she passed. THINE, too, the glow
That flush'd her cheek, or beamed from her white brow.

Beauty is thine in all her changing dyes—
Color, and light, and shade, and sound, and song,
Morn's purple hues, and Evening's golden skies—
The whirling summer breeze—the whirlwind strong;
Night with her starry train, a shining band—
Each wandering meteor of yon trackless deep—
Italia's greenest spot—Zahara's sand—
The thunder's roll—the lightning's living leg—
The lark's light note—the murmur of the bee—
All speak of Heaven, of Order, and of Thee.

The Seasons are thy handmaids, and the flowers
Fair emblems of thy beauty—bending grain
Made golden by the sun-shine's magic power—
The howling tempest—and the gentle rain
Of Summer's softer mood—blossom and fruit—
The bending willow and the creeping vine—
The rattling hail-storm, and the snow-flake mute—
The time-worn oak, the cedar and the pine—
Niagara's roaring Fall—the noiseless rill—
Were Nature's at the dawn—are Nature's still.

Mighty or gentle as may suit thy mood—
The whirlwind and the earthquake tell thy power—
Thy hand senec'd out old Ocean—Ætna pil'd—
Bent the first rainbow—painted the first flower!
But loveliest is thy face in Spring's glad hour—
The meadows green—the waters leaping free—
The earth yet wet with morning's dewy shower—
The sunlight beaming o'er the distant sea—
When new-born winds their freshness first disclose,
And wanton with the violet and the rose.

Thy temples are upon the lofty steep
Of Andes and the Apennines—and where
The coral insect toils beneath the deep,
The meanest intellect—the mightiest mind—
Master and slave alike admit thy power—
Monarch and nation—hero, prince, and hind,
Must yield at Nature's tributary hour—
Before Thee forests tremble, mountains nod—
How feeble Art to Thee—A worm, to God!

Oh, Nature! is it strange the forest child,
The many tenant of the boundless West—
With none to lead his mind beyond the wild,
Or point his thoughts to regions of the West—
Should deem thy glories god-like, and fall down
A savage worshipper? Should see in Thee
The spirit of the leaping cataract—
The powers of Life, and Death, and Destiny—
Should as the lightning flashes through the sky,
Believe it fire from some Immortal eye!

No—rather marvel that the letter'd fool—
The worm whom Heaven has given the power of
thought,
Seeing thy glories, and the magic rule
That governs all thy works—should set at naught
The lesson that they teach—should mock the power
That call'd from chaos all that mingles here—

The loftiest mountain and the lowest flower—
Earth, Air, and Ocean—each celestial sphere—
Should look from sea to sky—from dust to man—
And see no God in all the wondrous plan!

POUR NOT THE VOICE OF GRIEF.

Pour not the voice of grief
Above the sable bier!
The weary spirit finds relief
In some more hallowed sphere.
What reck's it that the lip
Hath lost its thrilling hue—
Untainted was their fellowship
As blushing rose and dew.
And now—too soon a creeping thing,
Will, like a leech, there feed and cling!
Yet weep not for the dead
Who early pass away,
Ere hope and joy and youth have fled,
Ere we have wrought decay!
Better to die in youth
When life is green and bright,
Than when the heart has lost its truth
In age and sorrow's night—
Then woes and years around us throng
And death's chill grasp is on us long.
Life is a rifled flower
When love's pure visions fade—

A broken spell—a faded hour—
An echo—and a shade!
The poet's thirst for fame,
And siren beauty's kiss,
Ambition's height, and honor's name,
But yield a phantom bliss—
And man turns back from every goal
Thrusting for some high bliss of soul!

Would I had died when young!
How many burning tears,
And wasted hopes, and severed ties,
Had spared my after years!
And she on whose pale brow,
The damp and cold earth lies,
Whose pure heart in its virgin glow
Was mirrored in dark eyes!
Would I had faded soon with her,
My boyhood's earliest worshipper!

Pour not the voice of woe!
Shed not the burning tear
When spirits from the cold earth go,
Too bright to linger here!
Unsolled let them pass
Into oblivion's tomb—
Like snow-flakes melting in the sea
When rife with vernal bloom.
Then strew fresh flowers above the grave,
And let the tall grass o'er it wave!

LETTERS FROM ABROAD TO KINDRED AT HOME.

From the London Examiner.

BY MISS SEDGWICK,

Author of 'Hope Leslie,' 'The Rich poor man, and the Poor rich man,' &c.

We have much respect for the talents of Miss Sedgwick. She is said to be at present the most popular native writer in America, and she deserves to be so. She deserves it, because she is not content with mere imitation. What she writes has upon it the stamp of the soil. She has exhibited a proper contempt for the old, wearisome, imported worship; and done her best to build up a little temple of her own.

Were it much smaller and humbler than it is, we should speak of it with unfeigned respect. It is a type of that earnestness in intention, which contains in itself the germ of many great things. We are glad to find too, by its growing popularity with Americans, that they are themselves awakening to a sense of its importance. It is time they should. Franklin satisfied their literary pretensions for the first half-century of their national existence, and well and wisely enough; but his homely sense and philosophic vigor should have led the way to something better than the imitative graces of Washington Irving, or the feeble prettiness of the followers of Mrs Hemans. Now, at all events, there is a move in the right direction, and in the increasing reputation of Miss Sedgwick we discern one of its healthiest signs. It was, we believe, a remark of Miss Martineau's in concert on with this subject, that in such books as *Hope Leslie*, *The Rich poor man* and *Poor rich man*, and *Home*, there was not simply the promise, but the absolute vigorous beginning, of a national literature; the first distinct utterance of a fresh national mind,

telling, not what it ought to see in obedience to old methods of looking, but what it does see of actual life on its own soil.

What a pity it is that the American government cannot be made sensible, that, to give due advantage and encouragement to this impulse, to secure it at all events a fair trial, it has become absolutely essential to establish an international copyright with England. The best writers of America, all her journals of character, and the majority of her best men, are loud in their entreaties for this measure; and yet the interested opposition of a few booksellers has been sufficient to withhold it hitherto. It surely cannot be resisted much longer. An opposition of that kind will never be able to survive a growing conviction, that the injustice involved in the denial of such an arrangement falls with comparative lightness on the foreign literary producer, while it is the heaviest blow and greatest discouragement that could possibly be offered to the authors and the literature of the soil.

Miss Sedgwick will not accuse us of a want of courtesy in this digression. We have here only the first volume of the first work she has published in England; descriptive of the impression produced upon her by a visit to Europe in the latter half of the year 1839. It will be proper to abstain from critical remark, while the entire book is not before us, though we avail ourselves of the opportunity this volume affords, of describing the purpose of the writer,

and illustrating, by a few quotations, her manner and style.

A very pleasant and characteristic heartiness seems to us to distinguish both purpose and manner. As you read the book, you find that you are at all events in communication with a very sincere person. Her mistakes are of that order. And we think it a great charm that she is thoroughly republican and New-World-ish in her way of looking at the Old World. She sticks to the stripes and the stars. Where she subjects her own countrymen to disadvantageous comparisons, it is in matters wherein, by the measure of just and uncompromising views, they fall short of their own institutions. She gives no quarter to the aristocratic spirit, and desires to be, though she is not quite, as intolerant of the spirit of money. Even her American forms of speech she is proud of exhibiting, and 'realizes' at a prodigious rate. Nor is she an exception to the American love of leaving open after her the doors of private houses into which she may have entered.

Her errors of judgment seem to be such as a clever critic out of a provincial place would most easily tumble into in this great metropolis of ours. She is very sensitive about particular people, and likes to talk of personal civilities, and, when she has seen very little, is apt to think that she has seen everything. And truly England covers so small a space of ground in comparison with her own *Favored Land*, as she fondly and agreeably calls it, that it is a natural mistake to suppose it explorably in a month or two, manners and all. She forgets what a great many centuries have passed over it, and what a great many secrets worth knowing they have left, in successive strata, hidden beneath the surface of the soil. It takes a little more labor, and a little more time, to get thoroughly at them.

One of Miss Sedgwick's first remarks will show that she should have been better prepared for this:

'Everything looks novel and foreign to us: the quaint forms of the old, sad-colored houses; the arched, antique gateways; the royal busts niched in an old wall; the very dark coloring of the foliage, and the mossy stems of the trees. We seem to have passed from the fresh, bright youth to the old age of the world. The form and coloring of the people are different from ours. They are stouter, more erect, and more sanguine.'

This was at Portsmouth, in the neighborhood of which, and under the competent guidance of Capt. Basil Hall, Miss Sedgwick's English experiences drew breath. She lost no time in observing what she could, and it is here recorded with the fresh and lively coloring of a first impression.

In this remark, we have the outline of a curious end characteristic contrast, which might have been worth the filling up a little more completely;

'I stopped at a little cottage this morning, half-smothered with roses, geraniums, &c., and, on the pretext of looking at a baby, made good

my entrance. The little bit of an apartment, not more than six feet by ten, was as neat as possible. Not an article of its scanty furniture looked as if it had been bought by this generation; everything appeared cared for, and well preserved; so unlike corresponding dwellings with us. The woman had nine children; six at home, and all tidily dressed. I have not seen in England a slovenly-looking person. Even the three or four beggars who stealthily asked charity of us at Portsmouth were neatly dressed.

'I greeted, *en passant*, a woman sitting at her cottage window. She told me she paid for half of a little tenement and a bit of a garden ten pounds (fifty dollars) rent. And when I congratulated her on the pleasant country, 'Ah,' she said, 'we can't live on a pleasant country!' I have not addressed one of these people who has not complained of poverty, said something of the difficulty of getting work, of the *struggling* for bread, which is the condition of existence among the lower classes here. Strange sounds these to our ears!

The side-speaking of America is generally in the best spirit. Visiting an English country house, she adds:

'A taste, and a certain facility in painting, is common enough among us, but when shall we see on our walls an unquestionable Titian, or a Carlo Dolce, or when, in a gentleman's country house, an apartment filled with casts from the best antiques? Certainly not till our people cease to demand *drapery for the chanting cherubs*, and such like innocents!'

London startled her, and well it might:

'Coming to the cities of the old world, as we do, with our national vanities thick upon up with our scale of measurement graduated by Broadway, the City-Hall, the Battery, and the Boston Common, we are confounded by the extent of London, by its magnificent parks, its immense structures, by its docks and warehouses, and by all its details of convenience and comfort, and its aggregate of incalculable wealth. We begin with comforting ourselves with the thought 'Why these people have been at it these two thousand years, and Heaven knows how much longer.' By degrees envy melts into self-complacency, and we say, 'they are our relations;' 'our fathers had a hand in it;' we are of the same race, 'as our new-planned cities and unfinished towers' shall hereafter prove.—Mr. Webster said to me after we had both been two or three weeks here, 'what is your impression now of London? My feeling is yet amazement.'

Her first feeling of surprise on entering it had been at

'The familiar names of the streets, the neutral tint of the houses, the great superiority of the pavement to ours, and, having last seen New York, the superior cleanliness of the streets. I have all my life heard London spoken of as dismal and dark. It may be so in winter; it is not now. The smoke color of the houses is soft and healthy to the eye, so unlike our flame-colored cities, that seem surely to typify their

destiny, which is, you know, to be burned up, sooner or later—sooner, in most cases.'

On the other hand, the lackey-furnished carriages suggested anything but admiration.—Thus moralizeth thereupon our fair republican:

'What would our laboring men, who work up the time and strength God gives them into independence, domestic happiness, and political existence—what would they, what should they say, at seeing three—four servants—strong, tall, well made (for such are selected)—attached to a coach, one coachman and three footmen, two, of course, perfect supernumeraries? We 'moralize the spectacle,' too; observe the vacant countenance and flippant air of these men, chained to the circle of half a dozen ideas, and end with a laugh at their fantastical liveries; some in white turned with red, and some in red turned with white. Fancy a mandriving, with a military general's hat, feathers and all, with three footmen, one seated beside him and two behind, all with white coats, scarlet plush breeches, white silk stockings, rosettes on their shoes, and gold headed batons in their white gloved hands. There must be something 'rotten in the state,' when God's creatures, 'possible angels,' as our friend Doctor T. calls all human kind, look up to a station behind a lord's coach as a privileged place. 'Possible angels' they may be; but, alas, their path is hedged about with huge improbabilities.'

She admired the Tower and Westminster Abbey, and, we grieve to see, could find nothing to admire in the greatest triumph of modern architecture, St Paul's. She went to Hampton and Richmond, and thus hastily records a piece of experience on her journey home:

'We sent away our carriage, and came home in a steamer, which was crowded when we got on board. At first we looked around in the most self complacent manner, expecting, with our American notions, that seats would be offered on every side, as they would assuredly have been to all us womankind in one of our own steamers. Not a foot stirred. Some of us were positively unable to stand, and for those Mr. P. made an appeal to some men, who refused without hesitation, appearing to think our expectations were impertinent. We were too far gone to be fastidious, so we adopted the backwoods' expedient, and squatted upon what unoccupied territory we could find. If such *personal selfishness and discourtesy is the result of a high civilization*, I am glad we have not yet attained it.'

Now surely Miss Sedgwick's good sense should have warned her against this Trollope quicksand. Imagine the manners of a country judged, and the results of high civilization tested, by the contents of a Richmond steamer!

We must add that a very little trouble of inquiry would have spared such blunders as the following:—

'When the queen is at Windsor she walks every Sunday on this terrace, where she is liable to be jostled by the meanest of her subjects; and as the railway from London passes within a mile and a half of Windsor, she must often en-

dure collisions to which English blood has such repugnance.'

Nor is Miss Mitford the least relation to the Duke of Bedford; nor did voices ever cry out *Where is Lady Flora*; nor was Sidney Smith infallible when he said that ten thousand numbers of *Nicholas Nickleby* were sold, seeing that he sold of each number was something more than forty thousand. And, in the name of Dilworth and Doctor Johnson, what is the meaning of Miss Sedgwick's remark when she is describing Vandyke's portrait of Charles at Hampton?

'It is such a portrait as Shakspeare would have painted of Charles had he been an outside painter.'

And, oh happy Miss Sedgwick, in what utopian part of London was it that that simple remark on English conversation had its origin: 'there is no such *'horreur,'* as a bore; no such bore as a prosier.' And oh, most unthinking and title tattling Miss Sedgwick, how can you talk as you do of the parlors, and pantries, and dinner-tables of your entertainers!

The impression of our cathedral services is well and earnestly described:

'This was the third time we had been present, since we came to England, at worship in the temples in which art has breathed its soul. First in Winchester Cathedral, then at Westminster Abbey, and now at this old royal chapel. The daily service appointed by the church was performing with the careless and heartless air of prescription. The clergyman and clerk hurried sing-songing through the form of prayers, that, perfect as they are, will only rise on the soul's wings. I felt the Puritan struggling at my heart, and could have broken out with old Mause's fervor, if not her eloquence. I thought of our summer Sunday service in dear J.'s 'long parlor.' Not a vacant place there. The door open into the garden, the children strewed round the doorstep, their young faces touched with an expression of devotion and love—such as glows in the faces of the cherubs of the old pictures; and for vaulted roof, columns, and stained glass, we had the blue sky, the everlasting hills, and lights and shadows playing over them, all suggestive of devotion, and in harmony with the pure and simple doctrine our friend Dr. Follen taught us. To me, there was more true worship in those all-embracing words, 'Our Father!' as he uttered them, than in all the task-prayers I have heard in these mighty cathedrals. Here it is the temple that is greatest. Your mind is pre-occupied, filled with the outward world. The monuments of past ages and the memorials of individual greatness are before you. Your existence is amplified; your sympathies are carried far back; the 'inexorable past' does give up its dead. Wherever your eye falls you see the work of a power new to you—the creative power of art. You see forms of beauty which never before entered into your 'forge of thought.' You are filled with new and delightful emotions; but they spring from new impressions of the genius of man, of his destiny and history. No;

these cathedrals are no' like the arches of our forests, the temples for inevitable worship; but they are the fitting place for the apotheosis of genius.'

There is some valuable truth, and something of hasty conclusion, in what follows:

'As you descend in the scale to those who can have only reference to the necessities of life; in their dress, the English are far superior to us. Here come in their ideas of neatness, comfort, and durability. The laboring classes are much more suitably dressed than ours. They may have less finery for holidays, and their servants may not be so smartly dressed in the evening as our domestics, but they are never shabby or uncleanly. Their clothes are of stouter stuffs, their shoes stronger, and their dress better preserved. We have not you know, been in the manufacturing districts, nor into the dark lanes and holes of London, where poverty hides itself: but I do not remember in five weeks in England, with my eyes pretty wide open, ever to have seen a ragged or dirty dress. Dirt and rags are the only things that come under a strict sumptuary law in England.

'Order is England's, as it is Heaven's, first law. Coming from our head-over-heels land, it is striking and beautiful to see the precise order that prevails here. In the public institutions, in private houses, in the streets and thoroughfares, you enjoy the security and comfort of this heaven-born principle. It raises your ideas of the capacities of human nature to see such masses of beings as there are in London kept without any violation of their liberty, within the bounds of order. I am told the police system of London has nearly attained perfection. I should think so from the results. It is said that women may go into the street at any hour of the night without fear or danger.'

Utopian again!

The manners of the American tradesmen are usefully contrasted with that of the trader here, and much sensible reflection on matters of that kind closes with this significant remark:

'If I have felt painfully that the men and women of what is called 'good society' in America are greatly inferior in high cultivation, in the art of conversation, and in accomplishments, to a corresponding class here, I have felt quite assured that the 'million' with us occupy a level they can never reach in England, do what they will with penny magazines and diffusive publications, while each class has its stall into which it is driven by the tyranny of an artificially-constructed society.'

We can find room for only one illustrative anecdote:

'A certain great tailor was here yesterday morning to take R's directions. His bad grammar, his obsequiousness, and his more than once favoring us with the information that he had an appointment with the Duke of —, brought forcibly to my mind the person who holds the corresponding position in S—. I thought of his frank and self-respecting manner, his well informed mind, his good influence, and the probable destiny of his children.'

Here is Miss Sedgwick's opinion on another point, to which it may scarcely be objected that she is an interested witness:

'Our girl, with her delicate features and nymph-like figure, is far more lovely in her first freshness than the English; but the Englishwoman, in her ripeness and full development, far surpasses ours. She is superb from twenty to forty-five.'

Our closing extracts, for the present, shall be from the latter portion of the volume, descriptive of travels through Germany and Switzerland:

An English Traveller.—'You may know him by the quantity and variety of his luggage, by every ingenious contrivance for comfort, (alas! comfort implies fixture), impregnable English trunks, travelling bags, dressing cases, cased provisions for all the possible wants that civilisation generates, and all in travelling armor. There is no flexibility about an Englishman, no adaptation to circumstances and exigencies. He must stand forth, wherever he goes the impersonation of his island-home. I said his luggage betrayed him; I am sure his face and demeanor do. His muscles are in a state of tension, his nerves seem to be on the outside of his coat, his eyebrows are in motion; he looks, as my friend says she felt when she first came to such a place as this, 'as if all the people about her were rats;' his voice is quick and harsh, and his words none of the sweetest, so that you do not wonder the Continental people have fastened on him the descriptive sobriquet of 'Monsieur God-d-n.'

German Actors.—'We were fortunate in seeing one of the great dramatic performers of Germany, Emilie Devrient. The play was one of the Princess Amelia's; a tale of domestic sorrow, as I ascertained by my interpreters. There was no scenic effect, no dramatic contrivance to aid it. The scene was not once shifted during the play. Devrient seemed to me as far as I could judge merely from his action, expression, and voice, to deserve the applauses showered on him. The playing all natural, and the voices of the women marvellously sweet. Have I never yet remarked to you the sweet, low tone of the German woman's voice? From the cultivated actress to your chambermaid, it is a musical pleasure to hear them speak. Is it an atmospheric effect, or the breath of a placid temper? The latter, I thought, when a moment since, my inkstand was upset, and the girl summoned to repair the mischief held up her hands, smiled, and uttered in a lute-like tone, a prolonged g-u-t! (good!).'

The subordinate Classes in Germany.—'The landlord often sits at the table with his guests, and with his own country people, converses on terms of apparent equality. The same self-respect blends with the civility of the shopkeeper. He is very happy to serve and suit you, but if he cannot, he is ready to direct you elsewhere. Shopmen have repeatedly, unasked, sent a person to guide us through the intricate Continental streets to another shop. The domestics

are prompt, faithful, and cheerful in their services. There is freedom but no presumption in their manners, and nothing of that unhappy uncertainty as to their exact position, so uncomfortable in our people. In all these subordinate classes you see nothing of the cringing servility that marks them in England, and to which they are exposed by their direct dependence on their employers.'

German Contentedness.—'I leave this country with an interest, respect, and attachment that I did not expect to feel for any country after leaving England. I rather think the heart grows by travelling! I feel richer for the delightful recollections I carry with me of the urbanity of the Germans. Never can I forget the 'Guten Tag,' 'Guten Abend,' and 'Gute Nacht,' ('good-day,' 'good-evening,' and 'good-night,') murmured by the soft voices of the peasants from under their drooping loads as we pass them in our walks. Addison says that the general salutations of his type of all benignity, Sir Roger de Coverly, came from the 'overflowing of humanity,'—so surely did these. On the whole, the Germans seem to me the most rational people I have seen. We never 'are,' but always 'to be blessed.' They enjoy the present, and, with the truest economy of human life, make the most of the materials of contentment

that God has given them. Is not this better than vague, illimitable desires, and ever changing pursuits?'

The historian Sismondi.—'It was delightful to see the pleased interest with which Sismondi listened to his wife's eulogium of his country, women. He drew his chair nearer and nearer, and when she ended he put his arm around her, and said with that simplicity which in him is such a grace, 'Je te remercie, mon cœur.'

'Sismondi said the chief Glory of Geneva resulted from its having been the asylum of the oppressed from all parts of Europe. 'I can never think without emotion, he continued, 'of French Protestants who came here for refuge.' His voice was choked; after a moment he added, 'when they reached the summit of the Jura and saw the lake and city before them, they all, with one accord, fell on their knees and sang a psalm!' His tears again interrupted him, and he apologised for them, saying, 'Ce sont les choses qui me meuvent le plus: je ne peux jamais en parler.' 'You have an infallible test of the heart when you know what does most move it. In this uncontrollable emotion Sismondi betrayed the unbounded love of freedom and the deep love of his fellow creatures that breathe in all his works.'

THE WIFE.

BY ELEANORA LOUISA MONTAGUE.

Oh come, beloved! to yon grey wood,
Where oft in childhood's hour we strayed,
Ere yet with plighted hands we stood
Beneath yon bending willow's shade;
And I my early dream will tell,
And blush not though thine eye behold me;
I feel thy voice's soothing spell.
Thy loved and loving arms enfold me.

Ah! little didst thou dream how long
I loved thee with a hidden heart;
When even amid some touching song
My sighs would breathe, my tears would start:
Thou couldst not deem that this weak breast,
Which in thy joy stood mute before thee,
Longed but to share thy soul's unrest
When sorrow's night was deepening o'er thee.

Oh! then the sullen years drew on
When thou must part, yet leave no token,
And I must bear, unshared, alone,
A grief which yet might not be spoken.
Oh, Love! it was a fearful time,
But all is past, forgotten now;
Yet something of its youthful prime
Hath fled from this devoted brow.

This grieves me not, for well I know
Thy spirit will not love me less,
Though time upon my head should snow,
Or on my cheek too rudely press:

I feel that thou wilt dearer be—
If aught to me can make thee dearer—
When the spring leaves of life's young tree
Around thy brow are growing searer.

Years waned; and thou rememberest yet
The hour which led thee back to me,
When, sickened with the world, we met,
And each was changed—yet both were free:
Not changed in soul, but sadder grown,
And touched as by the wand of sorrow;
And doomed, like buds too early blown,
To greet, with wasted bloom, the morrow.

Then once again I dared to dream,
But now no more a dream of sadness;
Thy presence smoothed my life's rough stream,
And led me back to youth and gladness!
And something did our hearts subdue,
A yearning thought—a thought of home—
As though our souls more closely drew
Ere yet the darker days should come.

Now, let them come! I fear them not:
For art not thou, beloved, mine?
And is not this time-hallowed spot
The altar of a love divine?
Oh, may the lamp which lights us now
For ever on that altar burn
And ne'er through life our spirits know
One severed hour o'er which to mourn!

THE ANCIENT REGIME. A New Novel.

BY G. P. R. JAMES, ESQ.

Author of 'The Gypsy,' 'The Robber,' 'The Gentleman of the Old School,' etc. etc. etc.

First American Reprint.

CHAPTER I.

In a low-roofed room, on the seventh story of a house in one of the back streets of the city of Paris, and in the year 17—, sat a man habited as an artisan, and bearing in his whole appearance the signs and tokens of a person in the lowest ranks of life. His dress was soiled and dirty, his face and hands not very clean, his sleeves were tucked up nearly to the elbows, and a large leathern apron, which once had been white, hung from his neck, and was girded round his middle. In form he was a powerful man, with broad shoulders, a deep chest, and a sinewy arm; and his countenance was fine, though not exactly handsome, with a frank and free, yet thoughtful, expression, a fine open brow, with a look of shrewd good sense and some careless humor. In height he stood well nigh six feet, and in age might have seen about seven or eight and twenty years.

In the centre of the room, which was large, though, as we have said, low in the roof, was a table covered with various implements used by the man in pursuit of his trade. There were two lamps, one of which was a very peculiar form, standing together in the centre of a sort of tray; and, beside them, lay a multitude of pincers, of all sorts and sizes, several small files, numerous little coils of gold and silver wire, one or two small crucibles and ladles, a watch-glass half full of fine oil, and a blow-pipe. All these signs and circumstances, to the eye of the initiated, would have revealed at once that the man was a filigree-worker—a trade then much followed in the French capital, though it was the jewellers and great goldsmiths who swallowed up the principal part of its profits, leaving little but a bare subsistence and all the labor to those who produced the various beautiful little ornaments which decorated the toilet table of every fine lady in those days.

The man, at the moment the reader entered his room, was occupied in the pursuit of his calling. From a soiled sheet of paper before him, covered all over with tracings of the most beautiful arabesques that it was possible to conceive, he was imitating, with the greatest nicety and delicacy, in silver, a small basket, representing the cup of a lotus. Now he plied with the utmost rapidity a small pair of pincers; now he used the file to remove any little irregularity; now, by the use of the blow-pipe, he fixed the numerous threads and filaments together, at places where the juncture could scarcely be perceived. Then, when he had done a certain portion, he paused, looked at it, and seemed to admire his own work.

At length, as the filigree-worker was thus proceeding, a slight noise from the other side of

the room, a mere rustle, as it were, caught the quick ear of the Parisian artisan, and, starting up from his stool, he laid down the pincers and the little basket, and, moving with a quiet step across the room, peeped into a cradle, which stood within a few feet of the fire-place.

Therein lay as beautiful an infant as ever was seen: a little girl, fine, healthy, rosy, seeming to set at defiance all those sad ills of poverty by which she was evidently surrounded. She had woke up from sleep, and when she saw the well-known face above her, she smiled gladly and moved her little arms. The artisan gazed upon her for a moment thoughtfully, then shook his head with somewhat of a sigh, saying, 'I must not take thee up, for I have nothing to give thee. Sleep, sleep, my baby, for I must work for food;' and rocking the cradle gently with his hand, he endeavored to lull the child into slumber again by singing to her one of the many little lullabies which were then, and still are, common in France. He had just succeeded, and was still going on for a little, to make the conquest of the drowsy god secure, when the door opened, and a good-looking woman about his own age entered, and approached him quietly. There was some degree of sorrow, and some degree of timidity, in her look; and indeed her face was like that of one who brings tidings that will certainly grieve, and may perhaps offend; and yet the good artisan did not seem of a disposition likely to be offended easily, or to be approached with fear—at least by a woman.

'Well, Margiette,' he said, in a low voice, 'would he give you the money?'

'Not a sou,' replied the woman, in a sad tone: 'he said that he had never in his life paid a farthing for any work before it was done, and never would.'

The man bit his lip, and his brow grew dark for a moment. 'Well, well,' he said with a smile, and a sigh the next moment, 'the man's not wrong, after all.'

'He said something too,' said the woman, 'about your not having finished the last vinaigrette which he bought of you, at the time you promised it.'

'How could I?' exclaimed the man, sharply. 'Did I not burn my hand? and could I do fine work with my hand all swelled?'

'But he saw you at the fair at Charenton,' said the woman.

'To be sure,' answered her husband, with a laugh. 'I don't walk with my hands, so I could go to Charenton though I could not work— But you watch the child, Margiette!—I must sit up and work all night, and all day to-morrow. I can get the basket finished before seven to-morrow. It is only for the child I care: what

can be done for it?—Hark ye, Margiette: take that lamp I am not using to the *recoenduse*, and see what she will give you for it: the poor babe must have something to eat, and you, too, my Margiette: I can do very well without.'

The woman had still continued to gaze in his face with a timid look, as if she had something to say which she was half afraid of uttering, but she now answered, 'I have got something for the child, Pierre, here is my basket.'

'How, how?' demanded the man, somewhat sharply. 'How did you get it?'

'Nay, do not be angry. I would not have taken it, Pierre, but for the child. There were three gentlemen in Monsieur Fiteau's shop changing some gold, and buying some lace; and one of them, an abbe, seeing me well nigh inclined to weep when Fiteau refused me the money, began to ask me questions; and I told him that I should not care about the matter, for that my husband could soon get the work done, but that there was a child, and a child's hunger would not wait. Upon which he offered me some money. I would take only half a livre, for I thought you would be angry; but as I came along, I bought this little loaf, and some milk for the child; and now,' she added, 'here are five sous more: if you will let me, I will go and buy something for your supper.'

'No,' said her husband, 'no: you did very right, good wife, to take the money for the child, but I cannot eat the bread of charity while I can work. Make something for the little one and for yourself: I can do very well without till to-morrow.'

The woman declared that she would not taste any thing if he did not; and, as usual, by persevering she gained her point. They divided the bread into three portions, reserved one, together with the milk, against the child's waking, and each took another. The woman ate hers with calm and quiet resignation; but the man swallowed two or three mouthfuls with difficulty, and then, putting down the crust upon the table, burst into tears, exclaiming, 'This is the first time I have eaten the bread of charity! Oh, may it be the last!'

Almost as he spoke, there was a knock at the chamber-door, a hand laid upon the latch thereof, and a stranger entered the room. He was dressed in the habit of an abbe, which was, in some degree, clerical, and distinguished from the rest of the world those personages who had taken what are called the first vows; which, in fact, bound them to nothing. Those vows were continually renounced at pleasure; and even while they remained in force they did not restrain the person who had taken them from mingling with the full current of worldly things, enjoying all the pleasures, and but too often sharing in all the vices of society. Abbés were prevented, indeed, from marrying till they had formally cast off those vows; but this restriction was of course only an occasion for additional licentiousness; so that it became a common saying, in regard to any one who had a numerous family.—'He has as many children as an abbe.'

The person who entered might be five or six-and-thirty, and was a fine powerful man, though the countenance was somewhat pale and sallow, and the eyes were near together, though fine; while a curl about the lip, denoted that there was some bitterness of spirit within, either from disappointment, or a turn of mind naturally sarcastic.

There is, perhaps, as much of what we may call expression in a man's carriage, and particularly in his step, as there is in his countenance; and the step of the abbe was very peculiar. It was slow and noiseless, but firm and fixed. Though his shoulders were not round, his head bent a little forward, and his full dark eyes, when resting on any object, remained half open, without the slightest wandering or movement. Though keen in themselves, no motion betrayed the secrets of the heart; they seemed full of inquiry, but answered nothing.

I mean not by any means to say that his countenance was without expression, for it had much peculiar character of its own; though the expression varied only according to his will, and not according to his emotions. On the present occasion, his lip bore a benign and chastened smile; and though he entered with his broad-brimmed hat on, he removed it immediately as he advanced towards the table. The fill-gree-worker and his wife both rose; and the woman dropped a low courtesy, while her husband fixed his eyes with an inquiring and even somewhat stern glance upon the stranger, and then suddenly turned and looked for a moment towards the dying embers of their small fire, till he had wiped away all traces of the late emotion from his face.

'I have been inquiring into your situation my good lady, since I saw you,' said the abbe, 'and from the account which even that hard-hearted old usurer Fiteau gives of you and your husband, I have become interested in you, and wish to know if I can serve you.'

The woman hesitated, and Pierre himself turned round and remained silent for a single minute, gazing on the stranger with a curious and somewhat doubtful smile. At length he answered, 'We have much to thank you for, already, sir, and it is an easy thing to serve people so poor as we are.'

'Not always,' answered the Abbe, without a change of countenance; 'each person in this world has his particular views, and I already know that you have yours.'

'How so, sir?' said the man, again gazing on him eagerly; 'have I ever seen you before?'

'Not that I know of, my good friend,' replied the abbe, with a smile; 'but your question is easily answered. There are about ten men in Paris under the king, who, if I had offered them half-a-dozen livres, would have refused to take them. Now, some twenty minutes ago, I offered your wife here, when I saw she was in distress, a handful of the change I had just received. She contented herself with half a livre, and when I urged her to take more, said that her husband would be angry if she did. Now, have I not reason to say that you

have your own peculiar views? But, to put all such things aside, tell me if I can serve you, and how.

'Only, sir, I believe, by ordering some of these trinkets from me,' replied the man, in a tone considerably softened; and he pointed to the basket he was working.

The abbe took it up and examined it. 'It is very beautiful,' he said: 'come, I will buy this of you, and pay you for it now—though I, alas!' he added, 'have neither wife nor children to please with such gauds. What is the price of it?'

'Nay, sir, I cannot sell you that,' replied the man; 'it is promised to Monsieur Fiteau; but I can soon work you another exactly like it.'

'You can work him another,' replied the abbe, somewhat sharply. 'Why should I wait, who am willing to befriend you, and he not, who will do nothing for you?'

'Because I have promised it to him, sir,' replied the man, simply; 'and I cannot break my word.'

'You are right,' answered the abbe; 'I applaud your honesty, and you shall work me another. What may the price be, my good friend?'

'Nay, sir, I hardly know,' replied the filigree-worker. 'Monsieur Fiteau pays me five livres for my labor, and finds the silver; but what he charges I cannot tell.'

The stranger took up the basket and examined it with a thoughtful air, murmuring as if to himself, 'The usurer!—What may the silver be worth?'

'Some six or seven livres when spun into wire,' replied the man.

'And he gives you five,' rejoined the abbe, 'taking forty for himself. Out upon it! Here, my friend, here are ten livres to begin with: when you bring me the basket done, I will give you twenty more, and then I shall have the trinket at about one-half of the price which this man Fiteau would charge me for it.'

The filigree-worker suffered the abbe to put the money down upon the table without taking it up. He looked at it somewhat wistfully, indeed, and then said, 'I should not wish for any thing beforehand, but for the sake of the child. We have a hard matter to support ourselves, sir, to say the truth, the poor babe is sometimes sadly pinched. I feared this night that I should be obliged to sell some of my tools, or let the poor babe want till to-morrow night.'

'Ay, so your wife told me,' replied the abbe, and it was about that I came hither. Do you love the child very much?'

The man gazed at him with an inquiring look for a moment, ere he replied; but he said at length, 'we do love the child much, sir! Can you doubt it?'

'Well, then,' rejoined the abbe, 'what I have to propose will give you pleasure. I want some object to fix my affections upon in this world. I have many rich benefices, and but few objects of thought or care. You shall give me your child to educate—I will adopt it as my own, and

lead it forward unto wealth and high station. What say you, will you consent?'

The proposal was in every respect an extraordinary one; for it must be recollected, that the distinctions of classes in France was at that time preserved with the greatest strictness; and though there might have been nothing wonderful at all in a wealthy abbe adopting the child of any poor noble, yet the idea of his selecting an object for adoption from either the class of *roturiers* or artisans could never have presented itself until that moment to the mind of the filigree-worker and his wife. Yet, strange to say, it did not seem to surprise either of them very much.

'Will you give us some time to consider of it?' said the man, bluntly.

'How long would you have?' demanded the abbe.

The filigree-worker thought for a moment, and then required four days, to which the stranger consented; and after speaking with them for some time longer upon their circumstances and situation, the abbe gave them his address and left them.

The filigree-worker continued to labor at the basket during the whole night; but though he had made considerable progress before the next morning, the trinket was not yet completed when the daylight began to peep in at the high window. As soon as day did appear, however, Pierre rose from his labor, washed his face and hands clean, cast away his working apron and jacket, and put on his holiday coat. He then took five out of the 'en livres which the abbe had given him; woke his wife, who had gone to bed, with a kiss; and, telling her that he was about to set out, but would be back certainly at the end of the three days, he descended the long narrow staircase of the house, and issued forth into the street.

The artisan plodded onward with a quick step and a resolute face through the gates of Paris and the suburbs, past St. Denis, Ecouen, and Luzarches, till he reached Chantilly, towards the hour of four in the afternoon. It was a long walk: the road was dusty, and the filigree-worker paused for an hour to get some food, and to rest himself; but at the end of that time he recommenced his journey, proceeding by Creil, till he came to the pleasant village of Cauffry under Liancourt, where he stopped for the night. Early in the following morning he went on again, through the rich and beautiful country which surrounds Clermont, amidst hills and valleys, and brooks and fields, till he reached that pretty town, which he seemed to know well, for he stopped to speak to two or three acquaintances. From more than one he seemed to hear news that grieved him, for his countenance grew sad; and he quickened his pace as he quitted the town, hastening onwards by Fitzjames and Argenlieu, where he turned from the high road, and, following the course of the Arre, bent his steps towards the small village and chateau of Argencerre. When he was within about half a mile, however, of the village church, he thought he heard some mournful sounds coming up from

the valley, and hurrying on towards the side of the hill, he saw winding away from the chateau towards the church the long line of a funeral. Pierre gazed forward for a moment or two with his hands clasped together; then, sitting down upon the bank, he covered his eyes and wept. Whatever was the cause of his emotion, the object of his journey seemed to be accomplished; for, without proceeding any farther, he turned back upon his path, and made the best of his way to Paris.

CHAPTER II.

It was the morning of the fourth day after that which closed with the visit of the abbe to the high chamber of the filigree-worker; and Pierre Morin, with his good wife Margiette, stood together in the middle of the same chamber, the wife holding in her arms the beautiful child we have mentioned, while the husband was performing what appeared to be a very barbarous operation. With one of the small sharp-pointed knives which he employed in his art, the man was tracing two or three small fine lines on the baby's arm, very high up, so as generally to be covered by the clothes in which she was dressed. The child did not cry or give any sign of pain, but smiled in the man's face, although the next moment the lines which he had drawn, and which were at first colorless, took the form of a Maltese cross, and became distinctly marked by a small portion of blood oozing through each. As soon as the artisan saw this appearance, he took up a box filled with a black powder, and rubbed it upon the spot. The application seemed to make the wound smart, for the little girl now began to cry; but was soon pacified again, the man kissing her affectionately, and saying, 'It is for thine own good, *petiotte*. Come, wife,' he continued, 'cover that over, and let us take her away. Bless thy sweet eyes, child! it may be long ere I see them again.'

The wife took the child in her arms, the man put on his hat, and away they went together, threading the long and crowded streets till they came into a more airy and pleasant neighborhood, where, passing along one of the broad quays, they crossed the river by a bridge, and approached the palace of the Luxembourg. In one of the best streets of that quarter, they stopped before a fine tall house, the door of which, however, was open, exposing to view the stone staircase within, which was then—as is but too common in the French capital even now—covered with filth of the most disgusting description. Standing in the door-way was a man who might be a tradesman, or who might be the intendant of some gentleman; and Pierre Morin, with a low bow and humble tone, asked if the Abbe de Castelneau lived there.

The man drew a little on one side, as if to let them pass, replying, '*Au second*,' which may be translated, 'Up two pair.'

He said no more, and with the same taciturnity Pierre Morin and Margiette began to climb the long and dirty staircase which led to the

apartments of the Abbe de Castelneau. It at once became evident to the filigree-worker and his wife, that the abbe was in what was and is called '*chambres garnies*,' or furnished apartments. Now such was a state of life which, in that day, except under particular circumstances, implied a much less degree of respectability than that which was termed being *dans ses meubles*, or in a house of one's own; for it generally happened, with all people of station in the city, that they either had their own hotel, their own apartments and furniture, or apartments lent to them by some of their wealthier relations, who resided in those large mansions which all the principal nobility then maintained in Paris.—Another thing, also, was remarkable, which was, that a person of the appearance and seeming wealth of the Abbe de Castelneau should choose that quarter of the city; for, although the houses in the neighborhood of the Luxembourg were far better than in the vicinity of the Palais Royal, yet fashion said that the latter were to be preferred; and therefore two rooms and an antechamber in the Rue St. Honore cost double the sum of a mansion near the Luxembourg.

Nevertheless, Pierre Morin and his wife, although the good artisan was aware of all these particulars, marched steadily up the stairs, and stopping at a door on the second floor, knocked boldly for admission. A lackey in a grey livery let them in, and with scarcely a word of inquiry conducted them to the presence of his master, who was seated, as was the custom in those days, in his bedchamber. When they entered the room, the abbe raised his calm quiet eyes towards them, without the slightest expression either of pleasure or surprise.

'Well, my friend,' he said, 'I learn your determination from seeing the child; but you should have given me notice. I am not quite prepared.'

He advanced as he spoke, and caressed the little girl, who seemed in no degree dismayed by the face of the stranger; but, on the contrary, laughed with infant glee at the sight of his dazzling white teeth, which were displayed somewhat more than usual as he played with the young being before him; and, at length, when he took her in his arms, though he held her with no very dexterous hand, she showed no sign of fear, but looked happy and contented. The abbe smiled with a brighter expression of countenance than usual, saying at the same time, 'Perhaps it may be so!'

What he meant, neither Pierre Morin nor his wife understood; but there was much shrewd common sense in the breast of the artisan; and after suffering the abbe to amuse himself with the child for a minute, he said, 'We have brought her here, sir, at your request, and though we may grieve to part with her, we will leave her to your care, upon one condition.'

'Ha!' said the abbe—'a condition! what may that be?'

'Only this, sir,' answered Pierre Morin, 'that you shall promise me in writing to breed her up well and honorably, and to give her a marriage-portion according to the state in which you place her.'

The abbe smiled with one of his cold calm looks, and replied, 'You are a philosopher, my friend; but what you ask is right and just, and I will content you. Can you write?'

'Oh yes, sir,' replied the man: 'I who live in the garret can write better than some that live lower.'

'Well, then,' answered the abbe, 'go to that table, and put down exactly what you wish me to promise, while I talk to your wife about what is needful for the child herself.'

The artisan did as he was bid; and the abbe made many an inquiry of good Margiette, which showed that he had thought much on all the points connected with the new task he was about to undertake. The clothing, the food, the habits of the child were all investigated; and after speaking for some time to the artisan's wife, he called to his servant, and bade him seek a person whom he called Donnine.

By the time he had given this order, the fligree-worker had completed his task, and the abbe read the paper he had drawn up with a smile. 'That will scarcely do,' he said, 'but I will put it in other language; and he then wrote down, 'I, Ferdinand de Castelneau, acknowledge having received from the hands of Pierre Morin his daughter —, for the purpose of educating her as I would my own child; and I promise him hereby to give her as honorable and good an education, and as ample a dowry when she marries, as if she were in reality and truth my own daughter. What is her name?' demanded the abbe, when he had concluded writing.

'Annette, sir,' replied the artisan, 'Annette—her name is Annette.'

The abbe then filled up the blank which had been left in the paper, and handed it to Pierre Morin, asking if it met his views. The artisan read it carefully, and expressed himself satisfied; but added, 'You will let us see her sometimes, sir?'

'I will never refuse you when you apply,' replied the abbe; 'but, of course, your applications will not be too often. Your regard for her will best show itself both in suffering me to think of her as if she were my own child, and in allowing her to think of me as if I were her father.'

As he spoke, the servant in grey entered the room again, bringing with him an extremely neat and respectable-looking woman, apparently somewhat past her fiftieth year. The abbe held up his finger to Pierre Morin, and made a similar sign to his wife, saying, 'Not a word!—This is the child I spoke of, Donnine. Take her from this good woman: you are hereafter her *bonne*. Shew her all kindness, and try to make her happy.'

'Oh, that I will, right soon,' replied the good woman, who was a gay little withered Picard. 'I will make her happy enough. Come to me, my darling!'

Thus saying, she took the little girl from the arms of poor Margiette, who kissed the child again and again, and could not refrain from a natural tear or two. The abbe then signed the paper he had written, and gave it to the artisan,

whom he beckoned into the antechamber with his wife, and then offered them some money.—The man put it away, however, with the back of his hand, saying, in a tone of indignation, 'I do not sell the child, sir!' He then walked towards the door, paused for a moment, called to his wife to come—for she had lingered to say a word or two more—and then left the abbe with his new charge.

CHAPTER III.

The scene which we have just contemplated took place on Monday the 20th of March in the year we have mentioned. As soon as the fligree-worker and his wife had left the apartment, the Abbe de Castelneau returned to the room in which he had left the child to the good woman Donnine. They both gazed into the face of the child for a moment or two in silence, and then the abbe inquired, 'What think you, Donnine?'

'I do not know what to think, my son,' replied the good nurse; 'but I am sure whatever you do is right.' However, lest there should arise any doubt in the reader's mind as to who Donnine was, from the fact of her calling the abbe 'my son,' we shall proceed to explain a little more of her history.

In her very early youth Donnine had been *soubrette* of the Abbe de Castelneau's mother, and was really a good and excellent girl. The lady, not long after her marriage into the family of Castelneau, had promoted an union between her pretty attendant Donnine and the old *sommelier*, or butler, of her husband's elder brother, the Count de Castelneau. The butler unadvisedly, left the family of his master, in the hope of making a fortune in the good city of Paris. Those were the days of the regency and of mad speculations. The poor butler with his little wealth got entangled with the financiers and gamblers of the capital, ruined himself and his family, and to avoid misery in one world flew to meet the judgment of another. Poor Donnine, left penniless, and with a prospect of soon having another to support as well as herself, sought out her former mistress in the south, and was treated by Madame de Castelneau with very great kindness, the lady being then, like herself, on the very eve of child-birth. The infant to which Donnine gave birth expired within a few hours after its eyes had first opened upon the light of this world, while the son which was born to her mistress proved strong and healthy; and Donnine once more entered the family in which she had been first received as a servant, returning to it in the humbler, though more important, post of a wet-nurse. Thus the Abbe de Castelneau was, in fact, her foster-son; and whatever might be his faults or errors, and they were, alas! very many, to her he had always shown undeviating kindness, and in good fortune or evil fortune—for very many vicissitudes had befallen him—he had always retained Donnine in his household, and had always attended to her wants and wishes.

She, too, on her part, combined, in her regard for her foster-son, all the affection of a

mother, and the admiration of an attached dependant. She was by no means without good sense, quickness, and activity of thought. On all ordinary occasions she could judge of right and wrong as acutely as any one; but the moment the Abbe de Castelleau was interested, a sort of film seemed to fall over her eyes, which prevented her viewing objects in their natural light, and every thing that he did seemed to be excellent, admirable, and just.

The child very soon began to find that she was in the hands of strangers, and that those she loved had left her. A few tears were shed, but she was speedily soothed; and being of a gay sweet disposition, with full health, and with no corporeal irritation, the drops were ere long dried again, and, laid upon the floor, she amused herself for nearly an hour by clutching at a cross and rosary which the abbe placed just beyond her reach. It was a curious sight to see, —the beautiful child thus engaged, and displaying a thousand infant graces in her efforts to reach the object before her, and the calm thoughtful man, with his full grave eyes, watching her with a look of interest such as he seldom displayed, and every now and then bursting into unwonted laughter, as he drew the rosary a little farther away, just at the moment she was about to seize it.

During all this time, the child and the abbe were left alone together; for after a brief consultation between him and Donnine, the nurse had gone forth to seek other and better clothing for the child, than that which had been brought by the filigree-worker's wife being somewhat scanty in quantity, and very anomalous indeed in quality. Some of the articles of her dress were as coarse as it was possible to see; but it is to be remarked, that these were chiefly the outward garments, for the inner ones were fine and costly.

We must follow the good woman, however, to the place where such objects as she then wanted were to be found more readily than any where else in the French capital. Strange as it may seem, this was at the place of public execution in the city of Paris, called the Place de Greve; but it must be remarked that no legal slaughter was permitted to take place there on Monday; and on that day was held, every week, a general sort of fair, called the Foire du Saint Esprit, where every article of clothing—in general second hand, but sometimes also new—was to be found spread out for purchase, in the very spot where the bloody arm of the law at other times exercised its power. I cannot better describe this curious scene than in the words of an author who lived in those very days, and who, speaking of this place, says, 'There the wives of the lesser shopkeepers, and other very economical women, go to buy their caps, gowns, cassocks, and even shoes, ready made. There, too, the informers look out for the pickpockets and the inferior sorts of thieves who come thither to sell the handkerchiefs, napkins, and other things they have stolen. These men are there apprehended, as well as those who come to that place itself

with similar views of plunder; for it would seem that even that spot (the Place de Greve) is not capable of inspiring them with any very prudent reflections. One would imagine that this fair was the feminine stripping of a whole province, or the pillage of a nation of Amazons. Petticoats, bustles, dressing-gowns, are scattered about in piles, from which one may choose at leisure; and here the robe of a president's wife is bought by a procuress, and a *grisette* puts on the cap of a marchioness's waiting-woman. Here they absolutely dress themselves in public, and we shall soon see them changing their under garments in this place. The buyer neither knows nor cares whence come the stays for which she bargains; and the most innocent poor girl, even under her mother's eye, puts on those in which, on the preceding evening, danced the licentious woman of the opera. Every thing seems purified by the sale, or by the inventory taken after death! As it is women who buy here and women who sell, the sharpness is pretty equal on both sides, and one hears afar the contention of eager and discordant voices. Viewed near, the scene is more curious still; for when women contemplate female decorations, there is something very peculiar to be seen in the physiognomy. In the evening all this mass of goods and chattels is carried away as if by enchantment, and there remains not a rag. But this inexhaustible magazine will reappear on Monday next, without fail.'

In the great republic of the *Foire du Saint Esprit*, there were various grades and classes, than others, some who directed and some who followed their guidance, as was the case of the republic of ancient Rome, and with every other republic that ever was or ever will be; for, alack and a well a day, what is the senator but the peer?—what consuls, dictators, presidents, but kings—only that, as poor Ophelia has it, they 'wear their rue with a difference?' All things must have their grades—all laws must see some rule, and others obey—all people divide themselves into those who follow, and those who lead. It is but, in general, a difference of the duration of command; and whether it be that each individual holds his station by the month or the year, or the seventy years, or only for a day, as was the case in the Foire du Saint Esprit, matters but little, surely, when life itself is but an hour. It is wonderful what vast changes we make in names, while realities continue the same.

To return, however, from such digression, there were, as I have said, various classes amongst the booths, and an aristocracy even in the sellers of old clothes. It was to one of the most dignified, then, of the sales-women, who, with a cap as white as snow, a gown of taffetas unsoiled, and not ruffled, and beautiful dimity pockets pendant on either side, that the good nurse Donnine addressed herself for the purchase of all the little articles of clothing which were required for the child Annette. There was much chaffering and bargaining; and the woman failed not to declare to her customer that

not one of the articles which she sold her, had ever been worn by any one. This thing had been made for the wife of a counsellor, whose child had been still-born; that had been expressly ordered by the capricious Marquise of —, who, when she saw it, changed her mind, and would not have it; the other had been destined for the child of the great banker, but had been found somewhat too small.

'And that beautiful gown of brocade,' said Donnine, pointing to one of which the sales woman kept near her, as if she were afraid of its touching any thing else—'what is the price of that?'

'Ah! my good woman,' replied the other, shaking her head, 'that's for no one but the mistress of a financier, or for one of our great actresses to perform the part of Esther or Judith in, I can warrant you. Why, I paid three louis and a half for that gown this morning. The *femme-de-chambre* told me that it was made for Mademoiselle D'Argencerre when she was going to be married to the young Count of Castelneau, the old count's son, you know, and it has never been worn.'

'Why, how did that fall out?' demanded Donnine.

'Why, the two fathers quarrelled,' said the other, 'upon some old grudge; and the young count was sent away to join the army on the Rhine, and was killed but ten days after he arrived.'

'Well, for all that,' said Donnine, 'I would not have sold my wedding gown if I had been the lady.'

'Ay, but she took on and died,' replied the saleswoman; 'and the clothes then, of course, fell to her maid.'

To this last speech Donnine made no reply; but gathering up what she had bought into a small bundle, she paid for the whole, and walked away, but did not proceed immediately to the house from which she had come. On the contrary, indeed, she turned her steps in a direction the most opposite, and, passing the Palais Royal, took her way through a street which has since changed its name more than once. It was then called the Rue de Boutteville; and about half way up was a large house, with a man dressed in somewhat of a military costume, but in clothes which denoted deep mourning, standing under the arch of the *porte cochere*. Over his shoulder he wore an immense, broad belt, which was fringed with black, and in it hung a peculiar sort of sword, only worn by that class of people who acted the part of the porters at the doors of gentlemen's houses in Paris, and were known by the name of Swiss, let them come from what country they would. In his hand, the person we have mentioned—who was a portly man, with large limbs and rounded stomach—bore a tall ebony staff of great thickness, and with a gilded globe at the top, which now, however, was covered with black crape. As he saw Donnine approach, his face relaxed from its solemnity into a half smile, and he pulled off his cocked hat with great politeness.

'Ah! monsieur, said Donnine, pausing for a moment near the door, 'I have heard the sad news! So Mademoiselle is dead, poor thing!'

'Alas! yes, madam,' replied the Swiss, in a tone of lamentation. 'She was a sweet young lady. We buried her yesterday morning, poor thing! and a fine sight it was to see. We came away directly after the funeral, for my lord and my other young lady could not bear the chateau afterwards.—But here come some of the servants, and I must not be seen speaking to any of your family, you know, however I may personally regret that such disunion should prevail.'

With this solemn and courteous sentence, the porter drew himself somewhat back; and Donnine, making him a courtesy, which he returned by a profound bow, proceeded on her way, and took the first turning that led towards the Luxembourg.

CHAPTER IV.

We must now return for a short space of time to our filigree-worker; and, though we do not trace step by step the progress of Pierre Morin through the course of the day which commenced by his visit to the abbe de Castelneau, we may say that, it was a day of bustle and anxiety, that he was absent from his home during the greater part of the morning, and that consequently he had scarcely any time to labor on the basket, in constructing which we have seen him interrupted in the first chapter of this work. At night he resumed his labors; but, as may be well supposed, all the fatigue he had undergone during that day and those which preceded it, rendered repose absolutely necessary. He grew dull and heavy: the fine working of the silver required attention and care; and, after making several vain efforts to overcome the sleepiness that had fallen upon him, he abandoned the task and went to to bed.

On the following morning early, the filigree-worker proceeded with quick steps to the house of the Abbe de Castelneau. Every thing extremely bore the same appearance as the day before. The door at the bottom of the stairs was open; and, without stopping to make any inquiries at a small glass-covered apartment shaded by a green curtain, behind which no Parisian eye could count the person of a porter was to be found, Pierre Morin ran up the stairs with a quick step, but stood stupidly when he beheld a large board hung across the door of the abbe's apartments, and, written thereon, the significant intimation, '*Chambres garnies a louer. Parlez au portier*'.

Still Pierre Morin would not suffer himself to be convinced that the abbe was actually gone. He rang the bell that hung beside the door of the apartment, and knocked once or twice violently with his hand. No answer was returned, unless it were the hollow echoes of his own blows, which replied, plainly enough, 'Here is nothing but emptiness.' He then went down

* Meaning, 'Furnished apartments to let. Inquire of the porter.'

and made application at the glass door we have mentioned, demanding where was the Abbe de Castelneau. The porter replied, dryly, that he did not know: how should he?

'Is he gone, then?' demanded the filigree-worker.

'To be sure,' answered the porter: 'he went yesterday evening about three o'clock. He only had the apartments for a week.'

The face of Pierre Morin fell as he heard this intelligence; and though by various questions he endeavored to obtain farther information, all that he could ascertain was, that the abbe had apparently gone into the country, having taken his departure in a *chaise de poste*, the driver of which seemed to know what direction he was to turn his horses' heads without being told. With this unsatisfactory intelligence, the filigree-worker turned upon his way; but it was an hour or two after this period ere he re-entered his own chamber. He there, however, held a long conference with his wife as to all that had taken place, before he proceeded to resume his work; and yet both seemed more satisfied than might have been expected under such circumstances, doubtless trusting that the child would be well taken care of, though it had been removed in a somewhat strange and suspicious manner. The labor on the basket was then recommenced, and during this night Pierre Morin worked at it without intermission.

'It was about five o'clock in the morning when he finished it; and just as he was putting the last concluding touch to the work, the rolling sound of rapid wheels rushing into the courtyard of the house, whose highest and most miserable story the artisan tenanted, told that some gay votary of pleasure and fashion was returning, probably from scenes of vice as well as dissipation, at the hour when the children of industry and want were rising from their hard couch, to begin the heavy passing of a day of toil. It was common in those times for many of the best and most splendid mansions in Paris to be divided against all the classes of society, though the arrangement of the tenants, indeed, was very different from that which existed in the social world. Lowest of all, we are told, except the rats and bottles that occupied the cellars, generally lived the proprietor of the house. He might be some avaricious or some decayed nobleman, whose health, purse, or inclination, rendered him unwilling to climb even a single flight of stairs. Then came the gay, the luxurious, the fashionable, the man of the court and of society, inhabiting the wide and lofty rooms of the first floor. The *entresol* above gave accommodation to the smart young secretary of some public office, some foreign baron, or some of the numerous counts and princes that swarmed in German and Italian courts. The second floor received the respectable merchant, or banker, who had his offices and business in another part of the city; the widow lady, possessing affluence, but not riches; and all that numerous class, by no means the least happy or the least estimable, who are known by the name of very respectable persons. Above that, again, on the third, came the high-

est grade of men of letters, the academician, the celebrated professor, the philosopher in vogue, the great artist. On the fourth—for there was a fourth—ay, reader, and a fifth, and a sixth also,—were people still at ease, and possessing all the necessities of life; but possessing them, not only with the slight inconvenience of daily climbing up long flights of stairs, but often with the serious anxiety of providing for children, for whom fortune had assigned no fund but the labor of a parent. Above these, again, came the poor artist, struggling forward with zeal and industry to make his merit known. The deep-thinking man of science, the result of whose investigations made or saved the fortunes of thousands, without giving him a *sous*; the moralist, the teacher, the man of letters, who disdained to pander to the bad taste of a licentious public, or to employ the arts of the quack to gain fame, or wealth, or honors.—Above these, again, was want, and misery, and destitution, the never-ceasing toil of all the various artists and artisans, the productions of whose hands ornamented the palace, the church, and the saloon; such men, in short, as our filigree-worker, who were brought too closely in contact with the dwellings of wealth, luxury, and vice, not to feel an additional pang amidst all the miseries of their own station, and to murmur at that social arrangement which allotted to them the whole of the dark side of life, and gave to beings often less worthy all that was bright and sunshiny. The vices of the higher class of the Parisian people, their intemperance, their debauchery, their infidelity, their contemptible frivolity, were all indulged, enacted, and displayed, under the very same roofs where dwelt misery, penury, and labor: and yet they wondered that there came a revolution!

Oh! would but man remember that he is but a steward of all that he possesses; that his wealth, his honors, his talents, his genius, his influence, are all merely lent him by the one great Prossor, not alone for his individual benefit, but for the benefit of the whole;—would he but remember this, such terrible accounts of the stewardship would not be taken as are often demanded on this earth by agents, that seem little likely to be intrusted with such a commission; and the after-reckoning, too, might be looked for in peace, knowing that it is to be rendered to a mild and merciful Lord.

The filigree-worker cast himself down upon his bed, saying with a smile, 'Others have come to sleep, why should I not rest also?' But though he did take a few hours' repose, he was up and away long before the fevered gambler, whose wheel he had heard, entertained any thought of stirring from his restless couch.

The part of the world, however, towards which Pierre Morin now bent his steps was all busy and stirring with a multitude of people, some animated alone by the hope of gaining that honest daily bread, which in those days was with very great difficulty acquired by the lower orders of the Parisian people; but many others, instigated by the dark spirit of that most degrading of all demons, Mammon, to rob the rich of their wealth, and the poor of their labor.